SALVE DEVS
REX IVDÆORVM.

Containing,

1 The Paſsion of Chriſt.
2 Eues Apologie in defence of Women.
3 The Teares of the Daughters of Ieruſalem.
4 The Salutation and Sorrow of the Virgine Marie.

With diuers other things not vnfit to be read.

Written by Miſtris *Æmilia Lanyer*, Wife to Captaine *Alfonſo Lanyer* Seruant to the Kings Majeſtie.

AT LONDON
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To the Queenes moſt Excellent Majeſtie.

*RE*nowned *Empreſſe*, *and great Britaines Queene*,
Moſt gratious Mother of ſucceeding Kings;
Vouchſafe to view that which is ſeldome ſeene,
A Womans writing of diuineſt things:
Reade it faire Queene, though it defective be,
Your Excellence can grace both It and Mee.

For you haue rifled Nature of her ſtore,
And all the Goddeſſes haue diſpoſſeſt
Of thoſe rich gifts which they enioy'd before,
But now great Queene, in you they all doe reſt.
If now they ſtriued for the golden Ball,
Paris *would gine it you before them all*.

From Iuno *you haue State and Dignities*,
From warlike Pallas, *Wiſdome, Fortitude*;
And from faire Venus *all her Excellencies*,
With their beſt parts your Highneſſe is indu'd:
How much are we to honor thoſe that ſprings
From ſuch rare beauty, in the blood of Kings?

The Muſes doe attend vpon your Throne,
With all the Artiſts at your becke and call;
The Syluane Gods, and Satyres euery one,
Before your faire triumphant Chariot fall:
And ſkining Cynthia with her nymphs attend
To honour you, whoſe Honour hath no end.

From your bright ſpheare of greatnes where you ſit,
Reflecting light to all thoſe glorious ſtars
That wait vpon your Throane; To virtue yet
Vouchſafe that ſplendor which my meanneſſe bars:
Be like faire Phœbe, *who doth loue to grace*
The darkeſt night with her moſt beauteous face.

Apollo's *beames doe comfort euery creature,*
And ſhines vpon the meaneſt things that be;
Since in Eſtate and Virtue none is greater,
I humbly wiſh that yours may light on me:
That ſo theſe rude vnpoliſht lines of mine,
Graced by you, may ſeeme the more diuine.

Looke in this Mirreur of a worthy Mind,
Where ſome of your faire Virtues will appeare;
Though all it is impoſſible to find,
Vnleſſe my Glaſſe were chryſtall, or more cleare:
Which is dymſt eele, yet full of ſpotleſſe truth,
And for one looke from your faire eyes it ſu'th.

Here may your ſacred Maieſtie behold
That mightie Monarch both of heau'n and earth,
He that all Nations of the world controld,
Yet tooke our fleſh in baſe and meaneſt berth:
Whoſe daies were ſpent in pouerty and ſorrow,
And yet all Kings their wealth of him do borrow.

For he is Crowne and Crowner of all Kings,
The hopefull hauen of the meaner ſort,
It's he that all our ioyfull tidings brings
Of happie raigne within his royall Court:
It's he that in extremity can giue
Comfort to them that haue no time to liue.

And

And ſince my wealth within his Region ſtands,
And that his Croſſe my chiefeſt comfort is,
Yea in his kingdome onely reſts my lands,
Of honour there I hope I ſhall not miſſe:
Though I on earth doe liue vnfortunate,
Yet there I may attaine a better ſtate.

In the meane time, accept moſt gratious Queene
This holy worke, Virtue preſents to you,
In poore apparell ſhaming to be ſeene,
Or once t'appeare in your iudiciall view:
But that faire Virtue, though in meane attire,
All Princes of the world doe moſt deſire.

And ſith all royall virtues are in you,
The Naturall, the Morall, and Diuine,
I hope how plaine ſoeuer, being true,
You will accept euen of the meaneſt line
Faire Virtue yeelds; by whoſe rare gifts you are
So highly grac'd, t'exceed the faireſt faire.

Behold great Queene, faire Eues *Apologie,*
Which I haue writ in honour of your ſexe,
And doe referre vnto your Maieſtie,
To iudge if it agree not with the Text:
And if it doe, why are poore Women blam'd,
Or by more faultie Men ſo much defam'd?

And this great Lady I haue here attired,
In all her richeſt ornaments of Honour,
That you faire Queene, of all the world admired,
May take the more delight to looke vpon her:
For ſhe muſt entertaine you to this Feaſt,
To which your Highneſſe is the welcom'ſt gueſt.

For

For here I haue prepar'd my Paſchal Lambe,
The figure of that liuing Sacrifice;
Who dying, all th' Infernall powres orecame,
That we with him t' Eternitie might riſe:
This pretious Paſſeouer feed vpon, O Queene,
Let your faire Virtues in my Glaſſe be ſeene.

The Lady Elizabeths Grace.

And ſhe that is the patterne of all Beautie,
The very modell of your Maieſtie,
Whoſe rareſt parts enforceth Loue and Duty,
The perfect patterne of all Pietie:
O let my Booke by her faire eies be bleſt,
In whoſe pure thoughts all Innocency reſts.

Then ſhall I thinke my Glaſſe a glorious Skie,
When two ſuch glittring Suns at once appeare;
The one repleat with Sou'raigne Maieſtie,
Both ſhining brighter than the cleareſt cleare:
And both reflecting comfort to my ſpirits,
To find their grace ſo much aboue my merits

Whoſe vntun'd voyce the dolefull notes doth ſing
Of ſad Affliction in an humble ſtraine;
Much like vnto a Bird that wants a wing,
And cannot flie, but warbles forth her paine:
Or he that barred from the Suns bright light,
Wanting daies comfort, doth comend the night.

So I that liue cloſ'd vp in Sorrowes Cell,
Since great Elizaes *fauour bleſt my youth;*
And in the confines of all cares doe dwell,
Whoſe grieued eyes no pleaſure euer view'th:
But in Chriſts ſuffrings, ſuch ſweet taſte they haue,
As makes me praiſe pale Sorrow and the Graue.

And

And this great Ladie whom I loue and honour,
And from my very tender yeeres haue knowne,
This holy habite ſtill to take vpon her,
Still to remaine the ſame, *and ſtill her owne:*
And what our fortunes doe enforce vs to,
She of Deuotion and meere Zeale doth do.

Which makes me thinke our heauy burden light,
When ſuch a one as ſhe will help to beare it:
Treading the paths that make our way go right,
What garment is ſo faire but ſhe may weare it;
Eſpecially for her that entertaines (mains.
A Glorious Queene, in whome all woorth re-

Whoſe powre may raiſe my ſad deiected Muſe,
From this lowe Manſion of a troubled mind;
Whoſe princely fauour may ſuch grace infuſe,
That I may ſpread Her Virtues in like kind:
But in this triall of my ſlender skill,
I wanted knowledge to performe my will.

For euen as they that doe behold the Starres,
Not with the eie of Learning, but of Sight,
To find their motions, want of knowledge barres
Although they ſee them in their brighteſt light:
So, though I ſee the glory of her State,
Its ſhe that muſt inſtruct and eleuate.

My weake diſtempred braine and feeble ſpirits,
Which all vnlearned haue aduentur'd, this
To write of Chriſt, and of his ſacred merits,
Deſiring that this Booke Her hands may kiſſe:
And though I be vnworthy of that grace,
Yet let her bleſſed thoghts this booke imbrace.

And pardon me (faire Queene) though I preſume,
To doe that which ſo many better can;
Not that I Learning to my ſelfe aſſume,
Or that I would compare with any man:
But as they are Scholers, and by Art do write,
So Nature yeelds my Soule a ſad delight.

And ſince all Arts at firſt from Nature came,
That goodly Creature, Mother of Perfection,
Whom Ioues almighty hand at firſt did frame,
Taking both her and hers in his protection:
Why ſhould not She now grace my barren Muſe,
And in a Woman all defects excuſe.

So peereleſſe Princeſſe humbly I deſire,
That your great wiſedome would vouchſafe t'omit
All faults; and pardon if my ſpirits retire,
Leauing to ayme at what they cannot hit:
To write your worth, which no pen can expreſſe,
Were but t'eeclipſe your Fame, and make it leſſe.

To the Lady ELIZABETHS *Grace.*

MOſt gratious Ladie, faire ELIZABETH,
Whoſe Name and Virtues puts vs ſtill in mind,
Of her, of whom we are depriu'd by death;
The *Phœnix* of her age, whoſe worth did bind
All worthy minds ſo long as they haue breath,
In linkes of Admiration, loue and zeale,
To that deare Mother of our Common-weale.

Euen you faire Princeſſe next our famous Queene,
I doe inuite vnto this wholeſome feaſt,
Whoſe goodly wiſedome, though your yeares be greene,
By ſuch good workes may daily be increaſt,
Though your faire eyes farre better Bookes haue ſeene;
Yet being the firſt fruits of a womans wit,
Vouchſafe you fauour in accepting it.

To all vertuous Ladies in generall.

Each bleſſed Lady that in Virtue ſpends
Your pretious time to beautifie your ſoules;
Come wait on hir whom winged Fame attends
And in hir hand the Booke where ſhe inroules
Thoſe high deſerts that Maieſtie commends:
Let this faire Queene not vnattended bee,
When in my Glaſſe ſhe daines her ſelfe to ſee.

Put on your wedding garments euery one,
The Bridegroome ſtayes to entertaine you all;
Let Virtue be your guide, for ſhe alone
Can leade you right that you can neuer fall;
And make no ſtay for feare he ſhould be gone:
But fill your Lamps with oyle of burning zeale,
That to your Faith he may his Truth reueale.

Let all your roabes be purple ſcarlet white,
Thoſe perfit colours pureſt Virtue wore,
Come deckt with Lillies that did ſo delight
To be preferr'd in Beauty, farre before
Wiſe Salomon *in all his glory dight:*
Whoſe royall roabes did no ſuch pleaſure yield,
As did the beauteous Lilly of the field.

The roabes that Chriſt wore before his death.

Adorne your temples with faire Daphnes *crowne,*
The neuer changing Laurel, alwaies greene;
In token of Constancie. *Let constant hope all worldly pleasures drowne,*
In wise Minerues *paths be alwaies seene;*
Or with bright Cynthia, *though faire* Venus *frown:*
With Esop *crosse the posts of euery doore,*
Where Sinne would riot, making Virtue poore.

And let the Muses your companions be,
Those sacred sisters that on Pallas *wait;*
Whose Virtues with the purest minds agree,
Whose godly labours doe auoyd the baite
Of worldly pleasures, liuing alwaies free
From sword, from violence, and from ill report,
To these nine Worthies all faire mindes resort.

Annoynt your haire with Aarons *pretious oyle,*
And bring your palmes of victory in your hands,
To ouercome all thoughts that would defile
The earthly circuit of your soules faire lands;
Let no dimme shadowes your cleare eyes beguile:
Sweet odours, mirrhe, gum, aloes, frankincense,
Present that King who di'd for your offence.

Behold, bright Titans *shining chariot staies,*
All deckt with flowers of the freshest hew,
Attended on by Age, Houres, Nights, and Dates,
Which alters not your beauty, but giues you
Much more, and crownes you with eternall praise:
This golden chariot wherein you must ride,
Let simple Doues, and subtill serpents guide.

Come

Come ſwifter than the motion of the Sunne,
To be transfigur'd with our louing Lord,
Leſt Glory end what Grace in you begun,
Of heau'nly riches make your greateſt hoord,
In Chriſt all honour, wealth, and beautie's wonne:
By whoſe perfections you appeare more faire
Than Phœbus, *if he ſeau'n times brighter were.*

Gods holy Angels will direct your Doues,
And bring your Serpents to the fields of reſt,
Where he doth ſtay that purchaſt all your loues
In bloody torments, when he di'd oppreſt,
There ſhall you find him in thoſe pleaſant groues
Of ſweet Elizium, *by the Well of Life,*
Whoſe criſtal ſprings do purge from worldly ſtrife

Thus may you flie from dull and ſenſuall earth,
Whereof at firſt your bodies formed were,
That new regen'rate in a ſecond berth,
Your bleſſed ſoules may liue without all feare,
Beeing immortall, ſubiect to no death:
But in the eie of heauen ſo highly placed,
That others by your virtues may be graced.

Where worthy Ladies I will leaue you all,
Deſiring you to grace this little Booke;
Yet ſome of you me thinkes I heare to call
Me by my name, and bid me better looke,
Leſt vnawares I in an error fall:
In generall tearmes, to place you with the reſt,
Whom Fame commends to be the very beſt.

Tis

Tis true, I must confesse (O noble Fame)
There are a number honoured by thee,
Of which, some few thou didst recite by name,
And willd my Muse they should remembred bee;
Wishing some would their glorious Trophies frame:
Which if I should presume to undertake,
My tired Hand for very feare would quake.

Onely by name I will bid some of those,
That in true Honors seate haue long bin placed,
Yea euen such as thou hast chiefly chose,
By whom my Muse may be the better graced;
Therefore, vnwilling longer time to lose,
I will inuite some Ladies that I know,
But chiefly those as thou hast graced so.

To the Ladie *Arabella*.

GReat learned Ladie, whom I long haue knowne,
And yet not knowne ſo much as I deſired:
Rare *Phœnix*, whoſe faire feathers are your owne,
With which you flie, and are ſo much admired:
True honour whom true Fame hath ſo attired,
In glittering raiment ſhining much more bright,
Than ſiluer Starres in the moſt froſtie night.

Come like the morning Sunne new out of bed,
And caſt your eyes vpon this little Booke,
Although you be ſo well accompan'ed
With *Pallas*, and the Muſes, ſpare one looke
Vpon this humbled King, who all forſooke,
That in his dying armes he might imbrace
Your beauteous Soule, and fill it with his grace.

¶ To the Ladie *Susan*, Countesse Dowager of Kent, and daughter to the Ducheſſe of Suffolke.

COme you that were the Miſtris of my youth,
The noble guide of my vngouern'd daies;
Come you that haue delighted in Gods truth,
Help now your handmaid to ſound foorth his praiſe:
You that are pleas'd in his pure excellencie,
Vouchſafe to grace this holy feaſt, and me.

And as your rare Perfections ſhew'd the Glaſſe
Wherein I ſaw each wrinckle of a fault;
You the Sunnes virtue, I that faire greene graſſe,
That flouriſht freſh by your cleere vertues taught:
For you poſſeſt thoſe gifts that grace the mind,
Reſtraining youth whom Errour oft doth blind.

In you theſe noble Virtues did I note,
Firſt, loue and feare of God, of Prince, of Lawes,
Rare Patience with a mind ſo farre remote
From worldly pleaſures, free from giuing cauſe
Of leaſt ſuſpect to the moſt enuious eie,
That in faire Virtues Storehouſe ſought to prie.

Whoſe Faith did vndertake in Infancie,
All dang'rous trauells by deuouring Seas
To flie to Chriſt from vaine Idolatry,
Not ſeeking there this worthleſſe world to pleaſe,
By your moſt famous Mother ſo directed,
That noble Dutcheſſe, who liu'd vnſubiected.

From Romes *ridiculous prier and tyranny,*
That mighty Monarchs kept in awfull feare;
Leauing here her lands, her ſtate, dignitie;
Nay more, vouchſaft diſguiſed weedes to weare:
Vnder with Chriſt Ieſus ſhe did meane to goe,
From ſweet delights to taſte part of his woe.

Come you that euer ſince haih followed her,
In theſe ſweet paths of faire Humilitie;
Contemning Pride pure Virtue to preſerre,
Not yeelding to baſe imbecillitie,
Nor to thoſe weake inticements of the world,
That haue ſo many thouſand Soules inſnarld.

Receiue your Loue whom you haue ſought ſo farre,
Which heere preſents himſelfe within your view;
Behold this bright and all directing Starre,
Light of your Soule that doth all grace renew:
And in his humble paths ſince you do tread,
Take this faire Bridegroome in your ſoules pure bed.

And ſince no former gaine hath made me write,
Nor my deſertleſſe ſeruice could haue wonne,
Onely your noble Virtues do incite
My Pen, they are the ground I write vpon;
Nor any future profit is expected,
Then how can theſe poore lines goe vnreſpected?

¶ The

¶ The Authors Dreame to the Ladie *Marie*, the Counteſſe *Dowager of Pembrooke.*

ME thought I paſs'd through th' *Edalyan* Groues,
And askt the Graces, if they could direct
Me to a Lady whom *Minerua* choſe,
To liue with her in height of all reſpect.

Yet looking backe into my thoughts againe,
The eie of Reaſon did behold her there
Faſt ti'd vnto them in a golden Chaine,
They ſtood, but ſhe was ſet in Honors chaire.

And nine faire Virgins ſate vpon the ground,
With Harps and Vialls in their lilly hands;
Whoſe harmony had all my ſences drown'd,
But that before mine eyes an obiect ſtands,

Whoſe Beauty ſhin'd like *Tirons* cleereſt raies,
She blew a braſen Trumpet, which did ſound
Throgh al the world that worthy Ladies praiſe,
And by Eternall Fame I ſaw her crown'd.

Yet ſtudying, if I were awake, or no,
God *Morphy* came and tooke me by the hand, *The God of Dreames.*
And wil'd me not from Slumbers bowre to go,
Till I the ſumme of all did vnderſtand.

When presently the Welkin that before
Look'd bright and cleere, me thought, was ouercast,
And duskie clouds, with boyst'rous winds great store,
Foretold of violent stormes which could not last.

And gazing vp into the troubled skie,
Me thought a Chariot did from thence descend,
Where one did sit repleat with Majestie,
Drawne by foure fierie Dragons, which did bend

Their course where this most noble Lady sate,
Whom all these virgins with due reuerence
Did entertaine, according to that state
Which did belong vnto her Excellence.

Goddesse of Warre and Wisdome.

When bright *Bellona*, so they did her call,
Whom these faire Nymphs so humbly did receiue,
A manly mayd which was both faire and tall,
Her borrowed Charret by a spring did leaue.

With speare, and shield, and currat on her breast,
And on her head a helmet wondrous bright,
With myrtle, bayes, and oliue branches drest,
Wherein me thought I tooke no small delight.

To see how all the Graces sought grace here,
And in what meeke, yet princely sort shee came;
How this most noble Lady did imbrace her,
And all humors vnto hers did frame.

Now

The Moone.

Now faire *Dictina* by the breake of Day,
With all her Damſels round about her came,
Ranging the woods to hunt, yet made a ſtay,
When harkning to the pleaſing ſound of Fame;

Her Iuory bowe and ſiluer ſhaftes ſhee gaue
Vnto the faireſt nymphe of all her traine;
And wondring who it was that in ſo graue,
Yet gallant faſhion did her beauty ſtaine:

Shee deckt her ſelfe with all the borrowed light
That *Phœbus* would afford from his faire face,
And made her Virgins to appeare ſo bright,
That all the hils and vales receiued grace.

Then preſſing where this beauteous troupe did ſtand,
They all receiued her moſt willingly,
And vnto her the Lady gaue her hand,
That ſhee ſhould keepe with them continually.

The Morning.

Aurora riſing from her roſie bedde,
Firſt bluſht, then wept, to ſee faire *Phœbe* grac'd,
And vnto Lady *Mate* theſe wordes ſhee ſed,
Come, let vs goe, we will not be out-fac'd.

I will vnto *Apollloes* Waggoner,
A bidde him bring his Maſter preſently,
That his bright beames may all her Beauty marre,
Gracing vs with the luſter of his eie.

Come,

Come, come, ſweet Maie, and fill their laps with flowres,
And I will giue a greater light than ſhe:
So all theſe Ladies fauours ſhall be ours,
None ſhall be more eſteem'd than we ſhall be.

Thus did *Aurora* dimme faire *Phœbus* light,
And was receiu'd in bright *Cynthias* place,
While *Flora* all with fragrant flowres dight,
Preſſed to ſhew the beauty of her face.

Though theſe, me thought, were verie pleaſing ſights,
Yet now theſe Worthies did agree to go,
Vnto a place full of all rare delights,
A place that yet *Minerua* did not know.

That ſacred Spring where Art and Nature ſtriu'd
Which ſhould remaine as Sou'raigne of the place;
Whoſe antient quarrell being new reuiu'd,
Added freſh Beauty, gaue farre greater Grace.

To which as vmpiers now theſe Ladies go,
Iudging with pleaſure their delightfull caſe;
Whoſe rauiſht ſences made them quickely know,
T'would be offenſiue either to diſplace.

And therefore will'd they ſhould for euer dwell,
In perfit vnity by this matchleſſe Spring:
Since 'twas impoſſible either ſhould excell,
Or her faire fellow in ſubjection bring.

But here in equall ſou'raigntie to liue,
Equall in ſtate, equall in dignitie,
That vnto others they might comfort giue,
Rejoycing all with their ſweet vnitie.

And now me thought I long to heare her name,
Whom wiſe *Minerua* honoured ſo much,
Shee whom I ſaw was crownd by noble Fame,
Whom Enuy ſought to ſting, yet could not tuch.

Me thought the meager elfe did ſeeke bie waies
To come vnto her, but it would not be;
Her venime purifi'd by virtues raies,
Shee pin'd and ſtaru'd like an Anotomie:

While beauteous *Pallas* with this Lady faire,
Attended by theſe Nymphs of noble fame,
Beheld thoſe woods, thoſe groues, thoſe bowers rare,
By which *Perguſa*, for ſo hight the name

Of that faire ſpring, his dwelling place & ground;
And throgh thoſe fields with ſundry flowers clad,
Of ſeu'rall colours, to adorne the ground,
And pleaſe the ſences eu'n of the moſt ſad:

He trayld along the woods in wanton wiſe,
With ſweet delight to entertaine them all;
Inuiting them to ſit and to deuiſe
On holy hymnes; at laſt to mind they call

The Pſalms written newly by the Counteſſe Dowager of Penbrooke.

Thoſe rare ſweet ſongs which *Iſraels* King did frame
Vnto the Father of Eternitie;
Before his holy wiſedom tooke the name
Of great *Meſſias*, Lord of vnitie.

Thoſe holy Sonnets they did all agree,
With this moſt louely Lady here to ſing;
That by her noble breaſts ſweet harmony,
Their muſicke might in eares of Angels ring.

While ſaints like Swans about this ſiluer brook
Should *Hallalu-iah* ſing continually,
Writing her praiſes in th'eternall booke
Of endleſſe honour, true fames memorie.

Thus I in ſleep the heauenli'ſt muſicke hard,
That euer earthly eares did entertaine;
And durſt not wake, for feare to be debard
Of what my ſences ſought ſtill to retaine.

Yet ſleeping, praid dull Slumber to vnfold
Her noble name, who was of all admired;
When preſently in drowſie tearmes he told
Not onely that, but more than I deſired.

This nymph, quoth he, great *Penbrooke* hight by name,
Siſter to valiant *Sidney*, whoſe cleere light
Giues light to all that tread true paths of Fame,
Who in the globe of heau'n doth ſhine ſo bright;

That

That beeing dead, his fame doth him ſuruiue,
Still liuing in the hearts of worthy men;
Pale Death is dead, but he remaines aliue,
Whoſe dying wounds reſtor'd him life agen.

And this faire earthly goddeſſe which you ſee,
Bellona and her virgins doe attend;
In virtuous ſtudies of Diuinitie,
Her pretious time continually doth ſpend.

So that a Siſter well ſhee may be deemd,
To him that liu'd and di'd ſo nobly;
And farre before him is to be eſteemd
For virtue, wiſedome, learning, dignity.

Whoſe beauteous ſoule hath gain'd a double life,
Both here on earth, and in the heau'ns aboue,
Till diſſolation end all worldly ſtrife:
Her bleſſed ſpirit remaines, of holy loue,

Directing all by her immortall light,
In this huge ſea of ſorrowes, griefes, and feares;
With contemplation of Gods powrefull might,
Shee ſits the eies, the hearts, the tongues, the eares

Of after-comming ages, which ſhall reade
Her loue, her zeale, her faith, and pietie;
The faire impreſſion of whoſe worthy deed,
Seales her pure ſoule vnto the Deitie.

That both in Hean'n and Earth it may remaine,
Crownd with her Makers glory and his loue;
And this did Father Slumber tell with paine,
Whoſe dulneſſe ſcarce could ſuffer him to moue.

When I awaking left him and his bowre,
Much grieued that I could no longer ſtay;
Senceleſſe was ſleepe, not to admit me powre,
As I had ſpent the night to ſpend the day:

Then had God *Morphie* ſhew'd the end of all,
And what my heart deſir'd, mine eies had ſeene;
For as I wak'd me thought I heard one call
For that bright Charet lent by *Ioues* faire Queene.

To Sleepe.

But thou, baſe cunning thiefe, that robs our ſprits
Of halfe that ſpan of life which yeares doth giue;
And yet no praiſe vnto thy ſelfe it merits,
To make a ſeeming death in thoſe that liue.

Yea wickedly thou doeſt conſent to death,
Within thy reſtfull bed to rob our ſoules;
In Slumbers bowre thou ſteal'ſt away our breath,
Yet none there is that thy baſe ſtealths controules.

If ſpoore and ſickly creatures would imbrace thee,
Or they to whom thou giu'ſt a taſte of pleaſure,
Thou fli'ſt as if *Actæons* hounds did chaſe thee,
Or that to ſtay with them thou hadſt no leaſure.

But

But though thou haſt depriu'd me of delight,
By ſtealing from me ere I was aware;
I know I ſhall enioy the ſelfe ſame ſight,
Thou haſt no powre my waking ſprites to barre.

For to this Lady now I will repaire,
Preſenting her the fruits of idle houres;
Thogh many Books ſhe writes that are more rare,
Yet there is hony in the meaneſt flowres:

Which is both wholeſome, and delights the taſte:
Though ſugar be more finer, higher priz'd,
Yet is the painefull Bee no whit diſgrac'd,
Nor her faire wax, or hony more deſpiz'd.

And though that learned damſell and the reſt,
Haue in a higher ſtyle her Trophie fram'd;
Yet theſe vnlearned lines beeing my beſt,
Of her great wiſedom can no whit be blam'd.

And therefore, firſt I here preſent my Dreame,
And next, inuite her Honour to my feaſt;
For my cleare reaſon ſees her by that ſtreame,
Where her rare virtues daily are increaſt.

So crauing pardon for this bold attempt,
I here preſent my mirrour to her view,
Whoſe noble virtues cannot be exempt,
My Glaſſe beeing ſteele, declares them to be true.

And Madame, if you will vouchſafe that grace,
To grace thoſe flowres that ſprings from virtues ground;
Though your faire mind on worthier workes is plac'd,
On workes that are more deepe, and more profound;

Yet is it no diſparagement to you,
To ſee your Sauiour in a Shepheards weed,
Vnworthily preſented in your viewe,
Whoſe worthineſſe will grace each line you reade.

Receiue him here by my vnworthy hand,
And reade his paths of faire humility;
Who though our ſinnes in number paſſe the ſand,
They all are purg'd by his Diuinity.

To

¶ To the Ladie *Lucie*, Countesse of Bedford.

METhinkes I see faire Virtue readie stand,
To attache the cleerest eyes of your loues breast,
Holding a Booke of Knowledge in her hand,
Key of the Cabine where your self doth rest,
To let him in, by whom her powre was lest:
The true-loue of your soule, your hearts delight,
Fairer than all the world in your cleare sight.

He that descended from celestiall glory,
To taste of our infirmities and sorrowes,
Whose heauenly wisdom read the earthly storie
Of fraile Humanity, which his godhead borrows:
Loe here he coms all stucke with pale deaths arrows:
In whose most pretious wounds your soule may reade
Saluation, while he (dying Lord) doth bleed.

You whose cleare Iudgement farre exceeds my skil,
Vouchsafe to entertaine this dying louer,
The Ocean of true grace, whose streames doe fill
All those with Ioy, that can his loue recouer;
About this blessed Arke bright Angels houer:
Where your faire soule may sure and safely rest,
When he is sweetly seated in your brest.

There

There may your thoughts as ſeruants to your heart,
Giue true attendance on this louely gueſt,
While he doth to that bleſſed bowre impart
Flowres of freſh comforts, decke that bed of reſt,
With ſuch rich beauties as may make it bleſt:
And you in whom all raritie is found,
May be with his eternall glory crowned.

To

To the Ladie *Margaret* Countesse Dowager of Cumberland.

Right Honourable and Excellent Lady, I may say with Saint *Peter*, *Siluer nor gold haue I none, but such as I haue, that giue I you*: for hauing neither rich pearles of India, nor fine gold of Arabia, nor diamonds of inestimable value; neither those rich treasures, Arramatica & Gums, incense, and sweet odours, which were presented by those Kingly Philosophers to the babe Iesus, I present vnto you euen our Lord Iesus himselfe, whose infinit value is not to be comprehended within the weake imagination or wit of man: and as Saint *Peter* gaue health to the body, so I deliuer you the health of the soule; which is this most pretious pearle of all perfection, this rich diamond of deuotion, this perfect gold growing in the veines of that excellent earth of the most blessed Paradice, wherein our second *Adam* had his restlesse habitation. The sweet incense, balsums, odours, and gummes that flowes from that beautifull tree of Life, springs from the roote of *Iesse*, which is so super-excellent, that it giueth grace to the meanest, & most vnworthy hand that will vndertake to write thereof: neither can it receiue any blemish thereby: for as a right diamond can loose no whit of his beautie by the blacke foyle vnderneath it, neither by being placed in the darke, but retaines his naturall beauty and brightnesse shining in greater perfection than before: so this most pretious diamond, for beauty and riches exceeding all the most pretious diamonds and rich iewels of the world, can receiue no blemish, nor impeachment, by

c my

my vnworthy hand writing; but wil with the Sunne retaine his owne brightneſſe and moſt glorious luſtre, though neuer ſo many blind eyes looke vpon him. Therefore good Madame, to the moſt perfect eyes of your vnderſtanding, I deliuer the ineſtinable treaſure of all elected ſoules, to bee peruſed at conuenient times; as alſo, the mirrour of your moſt worthy minde, which may remaine in the world many yeares longer than your Honour, or my ſelfe can liue, to be a light vnto thoſe that come after, deſiring to tread in the narrow path of virtue, that leads the way to heauen. In which way, I pray God ſend your Honour long to continue, that your light may ſo ſhine before men, that they may glorifie your father which is in Heauen: and that I and many others may follow you in the ſame tracke. So wiſhing you in this world all increaſe of health and honour, and in the world to come life euerlaſting, I reſt.

¶ To the Ladie *Katherine* Countesse *of Suffolke*.

Although great Lady, it may seeme right strange,
That I a stranger should presume thus farre,
To write to you: yet as the times doe change,
So are we subiect to that fatall starre,
Vnder the which we were produc'd to breath,
That starre that guides vs euen vntill our death.

And guided me to frame this worke of grace,
Not of it selfe, but by celestiall powres,
To which, both that and wee must needs giue place,
Since what we haue, we cannot count it ours:
For health, wealth, honour, sickenesse, death & all,
Is in Gods powre, which makes vs rise and fall.

And since his powre hath giuen me powre to write,
A subiect fit for you to looke vpon,
Wherein your soule may take no small delight,
When heer bright eyes beholds that holy one:
For whose great wisedome, loue, and speciall grace,
Shee was created to behold his face.

Vouchsafe, sweet Lady, to accept these lines,
Writ by a hand that doth desire to doe
All seruices to you whose worth combines
The worthiest minds to loue and honour you:
Whose beautie, wisdome, childrens high estate,
Doe all concurre to make you fortunate.

But chiefly your most honorable Lord,
Whose noble virtues Fame can ne'r forget:
His hand being alwayes ready to afford
Help to the weake, to the unfortunate:
All which begets more honour and respect,
Than Crœsus *wealth, or* Cæsars *sterne aspect.*

And rightly sheweth that hee is descended
Of honourable Howards *antient house,*
Whose noble deedes by former times commended,
Do now remaine in your most loyall Spouse,
On whom God powres all blessings from aboue,
Wealth, honour, children and a worthy Loue;

Which is more deare to him than all the rest,
You being the louing Hinde and pleasant Roe,
Wife of his youth, in whom his soule is blest,
Fountaine from whence his chiefe delights do flow,
Faire tree from which the fruit of Honor springs,
Heere I present to you the King of kings:

Desiring you to take a perfit view,
Of those great torments Patience did indure;
And reape those Comforts that belongs to you,
Which his most painfull death did then assure:
Writing the Couenant with his pretious blood,
That your faire soule might bathe her in that flood.

And let your noble daughters likewise reade
This little Booke that I present to you;
On heauenly food let them vouchsafe to feede;
Heere they may see a Louer neuer more true
Than euer was since first the world began,
This poore rich King that di'd both God and man.

Yea,

Yea, let those Ladies which do represent
All beauty, wisedome, zeale, and love,
Receive this iewell from Iehoua *sent,*
This spotlesse Lambe, this perfit patient Doue:
Of whom faire Gabriel, *Gods bright* Mercury,
Brought downe a message from the Deitie.

Here may they see him in a flood of teares,
Crowned with thornes, and bathing in his blood;
Here may they see his feares exceed all feares,
When Heauen in Iustice flat against him stood:
And loathsome death with grim and gastly look,
Presented him that blacke infernall booke,

Wherein the sinnes of all the world were writ,
In deepe Characters of due punishment;
And naught but dying breath could cancel it:
Shame, death, and hell must make the attonement:
Shewing their euidence, seizing wrongful Right,
Placing heau'ns Beauty in deaths darkest night.

Yet through the sable Clowdes of Shame & Death,
His beauty shewes more clearer than before;
Death lost his strength when he did loose his breath:
As fire suppresst doth shine and flame the more,
So in Deaths ashie pale discoloured face,
Fresh beauty shin'd, yeelding fairre greater grace.

No Doue, no Swan, nor Iuorie could compare
With this faire corps, when 'twas by death imbrac'd:
No rose, nor no vermilion hath so faire
As was that pretious blood that interlac'd
His body, which bright Angels did attend,
Waiting on him that must to Heauen ascend.

In whom is all that Ladies can deſire;
If Beauty, who hath bin more faire than he?
If Wiſedome, doth not all the world admire
The depth of his, that cannot ſearched be?
If wealth, if honour, fame, or Kingdoms ſtore,
Who euer liu'd that was poſſeſt of more?

If zeale, if grace, if loue, if pietie,
If conſtancie, if faith, if faire obedience,
If valour, patience, or ſobrietie;
If chaſt behauiour, meekeneſſe, continence,
If iuſtice, mercie, bountie, charitie,
Who can compare with his Diuinitie?

Whoſe vertues more than thoughts can apprehend,
I leaue to their more cleere imagination,
That will vouchſafe their borrowed time to ſpend
In meditating, and in contemplation
Of his rare parts, true honours faire proſpect,
The perfect line that goodneſſe doth direct.

And vnto you I wiſh thoſe ſweet deſires,
That from your perfect thoughts doe daily ſpring,
Increaſing ſtill pure, bright, and holy fires,
Which ſparkes of pretious grace, by faith doe ſpring:
Mounting your ſoule vnto eternall reſt,
There to liue happily among the beſt.

To the Ladie ANNE, Countesse of Dorcet.

TO you I dedicate this worke of Grace,
This frame of Glory which I haue erected,
For your faire mind I hold the fittest place,
Where vertue should be setled & protected;
If highest thoughts true honor do imbrace,
And holy Wisdom is of them respected:
Then in this Mirrour let your faire eyes looke,
To view your vertues in this blessed Booke.

Blest by our Sauiours merits, not my skil,
Which I acknowledge to be very small;
Yet if the least part of his blessed Will
I haue perform'd, I count I haue done all:
One sparke of grace sufficient is to fill
Our Lampes with oyle, ready when he doth call
To enter with the Bridegroome to the feast,
Where he that is the greatest may be least.

Greatnesse is no sure frame to build vpon,
No worldly treasure can assure that place;
God makes both euen, the Cottage with the Throne,
All worldly honours there are counted base;
Those he holds deare, and reckneth as his owne,
Whose vertuous deeds by his especially grace
Haue gain'd his loue, his kingdome, and his crowne,
Whom in the booke of Life he hath set downe.

Titles

Titles of honour which the world beſtowes,
To none but to the virtuous doth belong;
As beauteous bowres where true worth ſhould repoſe,
And where his dwellings ſhould be built moſt ſtrong:
But when they are beſtow'd vpon her foes,
Poore virtues friends indure the greateſt wrong:
For they muſt ſuffer all indignity,
Vntill in heau'n they better graced be.

What difference was there when the world began,
Was it not Virtue that diſtinguiſht all?
All ſprang but from one woman and one man,
Then how doth Gentry come to riſe and fall?
Or who is he that very rightly can
Diſtinguiſh of his birth, or tell at all,
In what meane ſtate his Anceſtors haue bin,
Before ſome one of worth did honour win?

Whoſe ſucceſſors, although they beare his name,
Poſſeſſing not the riches of his minde,
How doe we know they ſpring out of the ſame
True ſtocke of honour, becing not of that kind?
It is faire virtue gets immortall fame,
Tis that doth all loue and duty bind:
If he that much enjoyes, doth little good,
We may ſuppoſe he comes not of that blood.

Nor is he fit for honour, or command,
If baſe affections ouer-rules his mind;
Or that ſelfe-will doth carry ſuch a hand,
As worldly pleaſures haue the powre to blind
So as he cannot ſee, nor vnderſtand
How to diſcharge that place to him aſſign'd:
Gods Stewards muſt for all the poore prouide,
If in Gods houſe they purpoſe to abide.

To

To you, as to Gods Steward I doe write,
In whom the seeds of virtue haue bin sowne,
By your most worthy mother, in whose right,
All her faire parts you challenge as your owne;
If you, sweet Lady, will appeare as bright
As euer creature did that time hath knowne,
Then weare this Diadem I present to thee,
Which I haue fram'd for her Eternitie.

You are the Heire apparant of this Crowne
Of goodnesse, bountie, grace, loue, pietie,
By birth its yours, then keepe it as your owne,
Defend it from all base indignitie;
The right your Mother hath to it, is knowne
Best vnto you, who reapt such fruit thereby:
This Monument of her faire worth retaine
In your pure mind, and keepe it from al staine.

And as your Ancestors at first possest
Their honours, for their honourable deeds,
Let their faire virtues neuer be transgrest,
Bind vp the broken, stop the wounds that bleeds,
Succour the poore, comfort the comfortlesse,
Cherish faire plants, suppresse vnwholsom weeds;
Although base pelfe do chance to come in place,
Yet let true worth receiue your greatest grace.

So shal you shew from whence you are descended,
And leaue to all posterities your fame,
So will your virtues alwaies be commended,
And euery one will reuerence your name;
So this poore worke of mine shalbe defended
From any scandall that the world can frame:
And you a glorious Actor will appeare
Louely to all, but vnto God most deare.

I know right well theſe are but needleſſe lines,
To you, that are ſo perfect in your part,
Whoſe birth and education both combines;
Nay more than both, a pure and godly heart,
So well inſtructed to ſuch faire deſignes,
By your deere Mother, that there needs no art:
Your ripe diſcretion in your tender yeares,
By all your actions to the world appeares.

I doe but ſet a candle in the ſunne,
And adde one drop of water to the ſea,
Virtue and Beautie both together run,
When you were borne, within your breaſt to ſtay;
Their quarrell ceaſt, which long before begun,
They liue in peace, and all doe them obey:
In you faire Madame, are they richly plac'd,
Where all their worth by Eternity is grac'd.

You goddeſſe-like vnto the world appeare,
Inricht with more than fortune can beſtowe,
Goodneſſe and Grace, which you doe hold more deere
Than worldly wealth, which melts away like ſnowe;
Your pleaſure is the word of God to heare,
That his moſt holy precepts you may know:
Your greateſt honour, faire and virtuous deeds,
Which from the loue and feare of God proceeds.

Therefore to you (good Madame) I preſent
His louely loue, more worth than pureſt gold,
Who for your ſake his pretious blood hath ſpent,
His death and paſſion here you may behold,
And view this Lambe, that to the world was ſent,
Whom your faire ſoule may in her armes infold:
Louing his loue, that did endure ſuch paine,
That you in heauen a worthy place might gaine.

For

For well you knowe, this world is but a Stage
Where all doe play their parts, and must be gone;
Here's no respect of persons, youth, nor age,
Death seizeth all, he neuer spareth one,
None can preuent or stay that tyrants rage,
But Iesus Christ the Iust: By him alone
He was orecome, He open set the dore
To Eternall life, ne're seene, nor knowne before.

He is the stone the builders did refuse,
Which you, sweet Lady, are to build vpon;
He is the rocke that holy Church did chuse,
Among which number, you must needs be one;
Faire Shepheardesse, tis you that he will vse
To feed his flocke, that trust in him alone:
All wordly blessings he vouchsafes to you,
That to the poore you may returne his due.

And if deserts a Ladies loue may gaine,
Then tell me, who hath more deseru'd than he?
Therefore in recompence of all his paine,
Bestowe your paines to reade, and pardon me,
If out of wants, or weakenesse of my braine,
I haue not done this worke sufficiently;
Yet lodge him in the closet of your heart,
Whose worth is more than can be shew'd by Art.

TO THE VERTVOVS Reader.

OFten haue I heard, that it is the property of some women, not only to emulate the virtues and perfections of the rest, but also by all their powers of ill speaking, to eclipse the brightnes of their deserued fame: now contrary to this custome, which men I hope vniustly lay to their charge, I haue written this small volume, or little booke, for the generall vse of all virtuous Ladies and Gentlewomen of this kingdome; and in commendation of some particular persons of our owne sexe, such as for the most part, are so well knowne to my selfe, and others, that I dare vndertake Fame dares not to call any better. And this haue I done, to make knowne to the world, that all women deserue not to be blamed though some forgetting they are women themselues, and in danger to be condemned by the words of their owne mouthes, fall into so great an errour, as to speake vnaduisedly against the rest of their sexe; which if it be true, I am perswaded they can shew their owne imperfection in nothing more: and therefore could wish (for their owne ease, modestie, and credit) they would referre such points of folly, to be practised by euill disposed men, who forgetting they were borne of women, nourished of women, and that if it were not by the meanes of women, they would be quite extinguished out of the world, and a small ende of them all, doe like Vipers deface the wombes wherein they were bred, onely to giue way and vtterance to their want of discretion and goodnesse. Such as these, were they that dishonoured Christ his Apostles and Prophets, putting them to shamefull deaths. Therefore we are not to regard any imputations that they vndeseruedly lay vpon vs, no otherwise than to make vse of them to our owne benefits, as spurres to vertue, making vs flie all occasions that may colour their vniust

speeches

speeches to passe currant. Especially considering that they haue tempted euen the patience of God himselfe, who gaue power to wise and virtuous women, to bring downe their pride and arrogancie. As was cruell Cesarus *by the discreet counsell of noble* Deborah, *Iudge and Propheteſſe of Israel: and resolution of* Iael *wife of* Heber *the Kenite: wicked* Haman, *by the diuine prayers and prudent proceedings of beautifull* Hester: *blasphemous* Holofernes, *by the inuincible courage, rare wisdome, and confident carriage of* Iudeth: *& the vniuſt Iudges, by the innocency of chaſt* Susanna: *with infinite others, which for breuitie ſake I will omit. As alſo in reſpect it pleaſed our Lord and Sauiour Ieſus Chriſt, without the aſſiſtance of man, beeing free from originall and all other ſinnes, from the time of his conception, till the houre of his death, to be begotten of a woman, borne of a woman, nouriſhed of a woman, obedient to a woman; and that he healed woman, pardoned women, comforted women: yea, euen when he was in his greateſt agonie and bloodie ſweat, going to be crucified, and alſo in the laſt houre of his death, tooke care to diſpoſe of a woman: after his reſurrection, appeared firſt to a woman, ſent a woman to declare his moſt glorious reſurrection to the reſt of his Diſciples. Many other examples I could alleadge of diuers faithfull and virtuous women, who haue in all ages, not onely beene Confeſſors, but alſo indured moſt cruel martyrdome for their faith in Ieſus Chriſt. All which is ſufficient to inforce all good Chriſtians and honourable minded men to ſpeake reuerently of our ſexe, and eſpecially of all virtuous and good women. To the modeſt cenſures of both which I refer theſe my imperfect indeauours, knowing that according to their owne excellent diſpoſitions, they will rather, cheriſh, nouriſh, and increaſe the leaſt ſparke of virtue where they find it, by their fauourable and beſt interpretations, than quench it by wrong conſtructions. To whom I wiſh all increaſe of virtue, and deſire their beſt opinions.*

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

SIth *Cynthia* is aſcended to that reſt
Of endleſſe joy and true Eternitie,
That glorious place that cannot be expreſt
By any wight clad in mortalitie,
In her almightie love ſo highly bleſt,
And crown'd with everlaſting Sov'raigntie;
Where Saints and Angells do attend her Throne,
And ſhe gives glorie vnto God alone.

¶ To thee great Counteſſe now I will applie
My Pen, to write thy never dying fame;
That when to Heav'n thy bleſſed Soule ſhall flie,
Theſe lines on earth record thy reverend name:
And to this taske I meane my Muſe to tie,
Though wanting skill I ſhall but purchaſe blame:
Pardon (deere Ladie) want of womans wit
To pen thy praiſe, when few can equall it.

The Ladie Margaret Counteſſe Dowager of Cumberland

And pardon (Madame) though I do not write
Thoſe praiſefull lines of that delightfull place,
As you commaunded me in that faire night,
When ſhining *Phœbe* gave ſo great a grace,
Preſenting *Paradice* to your ſweet ſight,
Vnfolding all the beauty of her face
With pleaſant groves, hills, walks and ſtately trees,
Which pleaſures with retired minds agrees.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Whoſe Eagles eyes behold the glorious Sunne
Of th'all-creating Providence, reflecting
His bleſſed beames on all by him, begunne;
Increaſing, ſtrengthning, guiding and directing
All worldly creatures their due courſe to runne,
Vnto His powrefull pleaſure all ſubjecting:
And thou (deere Ladie) by his ſpeciall grace,
In theſe his creatures doſt behold his face.

Whoſe all-reviving beautie, yeelds ſuch joyes
To thy ſad Soule, plunged in waves of woe,
That worldly pleaſures ſeemes to thee as toyes,
Onely thou ſeek'ſt Eternitie to know,
Reſpecting not the infinite annoyes
That Satan to thy well-ſtaid mind can ſhow;
Ne can he quench in thee, the Spirit of Grace,
Nor draw thee from beholding Heavens bright face.

Thy Mind ſo perfect by thy Maker fram'd,
No vaine delights can harbour in thy heart,
With his ſweet love, thou art ſo much inflam'd,
As of the world thou ſeem'ſt to have no part;
So, love him ſtill, thou need'ſt not be aſham'd,
Tis He that made thee, what thou wert, and art:
Tis He that dries all teares from Orphans eies,
And heares from heav'n the wofull widdows cries.

Tis He that doth behold thy inward cares,
And will regard the ſorrowes of thy Soule;
Tis He that guides thy feet from Sathans ſnares,
And in his Wiſedome, doth thy waies controule:
He through afflictions, ſtill thy Minde prepares,
And all thy glorious Trialls will enroule:
That when darke daies of terror ſhall appeare,
Thou as the Sunne ſhalt ſhine; or much more cleare.

The

The Heav'ns ſhall periſh as a garment olde,
Or as a veſture by the maker chang'd,
And ſhall depart, as when a skrowle is rolde;
Yet thou from him ſhalt neuer be eſtrang'd,
When He ſhall come in glory, that was ſolde
For all our ſinnes; we happily are chang'd,
Who for our faults put on his righteouſneſſe,
Although full oft his Lawes we doe tranſgreſſe.

Long mai'ſt thou joy in this almightie love,
Long may thy Soule be pleaſing in his ſight,
Long mai'ſt thou haue true comforts from above,
Long mai'ſt thou ſet on him thy whole delight,
And patiently endure when he doth proue,
Knowing that He will ſurely do thee right:
Thy patience, faith, long ſuffring, and thy love,
He will reward with comforts from above.

With Majeſtie and Honour is He clad,
And deck'd with light, as with a garment faire;
He joyes the Meeke, and makes the Mightie ſad,
Pulls downe the Prowd, and doth the Humble reare:
Who ſees this Bridegroome, never can be ſad;
None lives that can his wondrous workes declare:
Yea, looke how farre the Eſt is from the Weſt,
So farre he ſets our ſinnes that haue tranſgreſt.

He rides vpon the wings of all the windes,
And ſpreads the heav'ns with his all powrefull hand;
Oh! who can looſe when the Almightie bindes?
Or in his angry preſence dares to ſtand?
He ſearcheth out the ſecrets of all mindes;
All thoſe that feare him, ſhall poſſeſſe the Land:
He is exceeding glorious to behold,
Antient of Times; ſo faire, and yet ſo old.

He of the watry Cloudes his Chariot frames,
And makes his bleſſed Angels powrefull Spirits,
His Miniſters are fearefull fiery flames,
Rewarding all according to their merits;
The Righteous for an heritage he claimes,
And regiſters the wrongs of humble ſpirits:
Hills melt like wax, in preſence of the Lord,
So do all ſinners, in his ſight abhorr'd.

He in the waters laies his chamber beames,
And cloudes of darkeneſſe compaſſe him about,
Conſuming fire ſhall goe before in ſtreames,
And burne vp all his en'mies round about:
Yet on theſe Iudgements w orldlings never dreames,
Nor of theſe daungers never ſtand in doubt:
While he ſhall reſt within his holy Hill,
That lives and dies according to his Will.

But woe to them that double-hearted bee,
Who with their tongues the righteous Soules doe ſlay;
Bending their bowes to ſhoot at all they ſee,
With vpright hearts their Maker to obay;
And ſecretly doe let their arrowes flee,
To wound true hearted people any way:
The Lord wil roote them out that ſpeake prowd things,
Deceitfull tongues are but falſe Slanders wings.

Froward are the vngodly from their berth,
No ſooner borne, but they doe goe aſtray;
The Lord will roote them out from off the earth,
And give them to their en'mies for a pray,
As venemous as Serpents is their breath,
With poyſned lies to hurt in what they may
The Innocent: who as a Dove ſhall flie
Vnto the Lord, that he his cauſe may trie.

The righteous Lord doth righteouſneſſe allow,
His countenance will behold the thing that's juſt;
Vnto the Meane he makes the Mightie bow,
And raiſeth vp the Poore out of the duſt:
Yet makes no count to vs, nor when, nor how,
But powres his grace on all, that puts their truſt
In him: that never will their hopes betray,
Nor lets them periſh that for mercie pray.

He ſhall within his Tabernacle dwell,
Whoſe life is vncorrupt before the Lord,
Who no vntrueths of Innocents doth tell,
Nor wrongs his neighbour, nor in deed, nor word,
Nor in his pride with malice ſeems to ſwell,
Nor whets his tongue more ſharper than a ſword,
To wound the reputation of the Iuſt;
Nor ſeekes to lay their glorie in the Duſt.

That great *Iehova* King of heav'n and earth,
Will raine downe fire and brimſtone from above,
Vpon the wicked monſters in their berth
That ſtorme and rage at thoſe whom he doth love:
Snares, ſtormes, and tempeſts he will raine, and dearth,
Becauſe he will himſelfe almightie prove:
And this ſhall be their portion they ſhall drinke,
That thinkes the Lord is blind when he doth winke.

To the Counteſſe of Cumberland.

¶ Pardon (good Madame) though I have digreſt
From what I doe intend to write of thee,
To ſet his glorie forth whom thou lov'ſt beſt,
Whoſe wondrous works no mortall eie can ſee;
His ſpeciall care on thoſe whom he hath bleſt
From wicked worldlings, how he ſets them free:
And how ſuch people he doth overthrow
In all their waies, that they his powre may know.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

The meditation of this Monarchs loue,
Drawes thee from caring what this world can yield;
Of joyes and griefes both equall thou doſt proue,
They haue no force, to force thee from the field:
Thy conſtant faith like to the Turtle Dove
Continues combat, and will never yield
To baſe affliction; or prowd pomps deſire,
That ſets the weakeſt mindes ſo much on fire.

Thou from the Court to the Countrie art retir'd,
Leauing the world, before the world leaues thee:
That great Enchantreſſe of weake mindes admir'd,
Whoſe all-bewitching charmes ſo pleaſing be
To worldly wantons; and too much deſir'd
Of thoſe that care not for Eternitie:
But yeeld themſelues as preys to Luſt and Sinne,
Looſing their hopes of Heav'n Hell paines to winne.

But thou, the wonder of our wanton age
Leav'ſt all delights to ſerue a heav'nly King:
Who is more wiſe? or who can be more ſage,
Than ſhe that doth Affection ſubject bring;
Not forcing for the world, or Satans rage,
But ſhrowding vnder the Almighties wing;
Spending her yeares, moneths, daies, minutes, howres,
In doing ſeruice to the heav'nly powres.

Thou faire example, liue without compare,
With Honours triumphs ſeated in thy breaſt;
Pale Enuy never can thy name empaire,
When in thy heart thou harbour'ſt ſuch a gueſt:
Malice muſt liue for ever in diſpaire;
There's no reuenge where Virtue ſtill doth reſt:
All hearts muſt needs do homage vnto thee,
In whom all eies ſuch rare perfection ſee.

That

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

An Inuective against outwardbeuty vnaccompanied with virtue.

That outward Beautie which the world commends,
Is not the ſubiect I will write vpon,
Whoſe date expir'd, that tyrant Time ſoone ends,
Thoſe gawdie colours ſoone are ſpent and gone:
But thoſe faire Virtues which on thee attends
Are alwaies freſh, theſe never are but one:
They make thy Beautie fairer to behold,
Than was that Queenes for whom prowd *Troy* was ſold.

As for thoſe matchleſſe colours Red and White,
Or perfit features in a fading face,
Or due proportion pleaſing to the ſight;
All theſe doe draw but dangers and diſgrace:
A mind enrich'd with Virtue, ſhines more bright,
Addes everlaſting Beauty, gives true grace,
Frames an immortall Goddeſſe on the earth,
Who though ſhe dies, yet Fame gives her new berth.

That pride of Nature which adornes the faire,
Like blaſing Comets to allure all eies,
Is but the thred, that weaves their web of Care,
Who glories moſt, where moſt their danger lies;
For greateſt perills do attend the faire,
When men do ſeeke, attempt, plot and deviſe,
How they may overthrow the chaſteſt Dame,
Whoſe Beautie is the White whereat they aime.

Twas Beautie bred in *Troy* the ten yeares ſtrife,
And carried *Hellen* from her lawfull Lord;
Twas Beautie made chaſte *Lucrece* looſe her life,
For which prowd *Tarquins* fact was ſo abhorr'd:
Beautie the cauſe *Antonius* wrong'd his wife,
Which could not be decided but by ſword:
Great *Cleopatraes* Beautie and defects
Did worke *Octauiues* wrongs, and his neglects.

What

What fruit did yeeld that faire forbidden tree,
But blood, diſhonour, infamie, and ſhame?
Poore blinded Queene, could'ſt thou no better ſee,
But entertaine diſgrace, in ſtead of fame?
Doe theſe deſignes with Maieſtie agree?
To ſtaine thy blood, and blot thy royall name.
That heart that gave conſent vnto this ill,
Did give conſent that thou thy ſelfe ſhould'ſt kill.

Of Roſamund.

¶ Faire *Roſamund*, the wonder of her time,
Had bin much fairer, had ſhee not bin faire;
Beautie betraid her thoughts, aloft to clime,
To build ſtrong caſtles in vncertaine aire,
Where th'infection of a wanton crime
Did worke her fall; firſt poyſon, then deſpaire,
With double death did kill her periur'd ſoule,
When heauenly Iuſtice did her ſinne controule.

Of Matilda.

¶ Holy *Matilda* in a hapleſſe houre
Was borne to ſorow and to diſcontent,
Beauty the cauſe that turn'd her Sweet to Sowre,
While Chaſtity fought Folly to preuent.
Luſtfull King *Iohn* refus'd, did vſe his powre,
By Fire and Sword, to compaſſe his content:
But Friends diſgrace, nor Fathers baniſhment,
Nor Death it ſelfe, could purchaſe her conſent.

Here Beauty in the height of all perfection,
Crown'd this faire Creatures euerlaſting fame,
Whoſe noble minde did ſcorne the baſe ſubiection
Of Feares, or Fauours, to impaire her Name:
By heauenly grace, ſhe had ſuch true direction,
To die with Honour, not to liue in Shame;
And drinke that poyſon with a cheerefull heart,
That could all Heavenly grace to her impart.

This

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

To the Ladie of Cumberland the Introduction to the passion of Christ.

¶ This Grace great Lady, doth possesse thy Soule,
And makes thee pleasing in thy Makers sight;
This Grace doth all imperfect Thoughts controule,
Directing thee to serue thy God aright;
Still reckoning him, the Husband of thy Soule,
Which is most pretious in his glorious sight:
Because the Worlds delights shee doth denie
For him, who for her sake vouchsaf'd to die.

And dying made her Dowager of all;
Nay more, Co-heire of that eternall blisse
That Angels lost, and We by *Adams* fall;
Meere Cast-awaies, rais'd by a *Iudas* kisse,
Christs bloody sweat, the Vineger, and Gall,
The Speare, Sponge, Nailes, his buffeting with Fists,
His bitter Passion, Agony, and Death,
Did gaine vs Heauen when He did loose his breath.

A preamble of the Author before the Passion.

¶ These high deserts inuites my lowely Muse
To write of Him, and pardon craue of thee,
For Time so spent, I need make no excuse,
Knowing it doth with thy faire Minde agree
So well, as thou no Labour wilt refuse,
That to thy holy Loue may pleasing be:
His Death and Passion I desire to write,
And thee to reade, the blessed Soules delight.

But my deare Muse, now whither wouldst thou flie,
Aboue the pitch of thy appointed straine?
With *Icarus* thou seekest now to trie,
Not waxen wings, but thy poore barren Braine,
Which farre too weake, these fiely lines deserie;
Yet cannot this thy forward Mind refraine,
But thy poore Infant Verse must soare aloft,
Not fearing threat'ning dangers, happening oft.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Thinke when the eye of Wiſdom ſhall diſcover
Thy weakling Muſe to flie, that ſcarce could creepe,
And in the Ayre aboue the Clowdes to hover,
When better 'twere mued vp, and faſt aſleepe;
They'l thinke with *Phaeton*, thou canſt neare recover,
But helpleſſe with that poore yong Lad to weepe:
The little World of thy weake Wit on fire,
Where thou wilt periſh in thine owne deſire.

But yet the Weaker thou doeſt ſeeme to be
In Sexe, or Sence, the more his Glory ſhines,
That doth infuze ſuch powerfull Grace in thee,
To ſhew thy Loue in theſe few humble Lines;
The Widowes Myte, with this may well agree,
Her little All more worth than golden mynes,
Beeing more deerer to our loving Lord,
Than all the wealth that Kingdoms could affoard.

Therefore I humbly for his Grace will pray,
That he will giue me Power and Strength to Write,
That what I haue begun, ſo end I may,
As his great Glory may appeare more bright;
Yea in theſe Lines I may no further ſtray,
Than his moſt holy Spirit ſhall giue me Light:
That blindeſt Weakeneſſe be not over-bold,
The manner of his Paſſion to vnfold.

In other Phraſes than may well agree
With his pure Doctrine, and moſt holy Writ,
That Heavens cleare eye, and all the World may ſee,
I ſeeke his Glory, rather than to get
The Vulgars breath, the ſeed of Vanitie,
Nor Fames lowd Trumpet care I to admit;
But rather ſtriue in plaineſt Words to ſhowe,
The Matter which I ſeeke to vndergoe.

A Mat-

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

A Matter farre beyond my barren skill,
To ſhew with any Life this map of Death,
This Storie; that whole Worlds with Bookes would fill,
In theſe few Lines, will put me out of breath,
To run ſo ſwiftly vp this mightie Hill,
I may behold it with the eye of Faith;
But to preſent this pure vnſpotted Lambe,
I muſt confeſſe, I farre vnworthy am.

Yet if he pleaſe t'illuminate my Spirit,
And giue me Wiſdom from his holy Hill,
That I may Write part of his glorious Merit,
If he vouchſafe to guide my Hand and Quill,
To ſhew his Death, by which we doe inherit
Thoſe endleſſe Ioyes that all our hearts doe fill;
Then will I tell of that ſad blacke fac'd Night,
Whoſe mourning Mantle covered Heavenly Light.

¶ That very Night our Sauiour was betrayed, *Here begins the Paſſion of Chriſt.*
Oh night! exceeding all the nights of ſorow,
When our moſt bleſſed Lord, although diſmayed,
Yet would not he one Minutes reſpite borrow,
But to *Mount Olives* went, though ſore afraid,
To welcome Night, and entertaine the Morrow;
And as he oft vnto that place did goe,
So did he now, to meete his long nurſt woe.

He told his deere Diſciples that they all
Should be offended by him, that ſelfe night,
His Griefe was great, and theirs could not be ſmall,
To part from him who was their ſole Delight;
Saint *Peter* thought his Faith could neuer fall,
No mote could happen in ſo cleare a ſight:
Which made him ſay, though all men were offended,
Yet would he never, though his life were ended.

But his deare Lord made answere, That before
The Cocke did crowe, he should deny him thrice;
This could not choose but grieue him very sore,
That his hot Loue should proone more cold than Ice,
Denying him he did so much adore;
No imperfection in himselfe he spies,
But saith againe, with him hee'l surely die,
Rather than his deare Master once denie.

And all the rest (did likewise say the same)
Of his Disciples, at that instant time;
But yet poore *Peter*, he was most too blame,
That thought aboue them all, by Faith to clime;
His forward speech inflicted sinne and shame,
When Wisdoms eyes did looke and checke his crime:
Who did foresee, and told it him before,
Yet would he needs auerre it more and more.

Now went our Lord vnto that holy place,
Sweet *Gethsemaine* hallowed by his presence,
That blessed Garden, which did now embrace
His holy corps, yet could make no defence
Against those Vipers, obiects of disgrace,
Which sought that pure eternall Loue to quench:
Here his Disciples willed he to stay,
Whilst he went further, where he meant to pray.

None were admitted with their Lord to goe,
But *Peter*, and the sonnes of *Zebedæus*,
To them good *Iesus* opened all his woe,
He gaue them leaue his sorows to discusse,
His deepest griefes, he did not scorne to showe
These three deere friends, so much he did intrust:
Beeing sorowfull, and ouercharg'd with griefe,
He told it them, yet look'd for no reliefe.

Sweet

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Sweet Lord, how couldſt thou thus to fleſh and blood
Communicate thy griefe? tell of thy woes?
Thou knew'ſt they had no powre to doe thee good,
But were the cauſe thou muſt endure theſe blowes,
Beeing the Scorpions bred in *Adams* mud,
Whoſe poys'ned ſinnes did worke among thy foes,
To re-ore-charge thy ouer-burd'ned ſoule,
Although the ſorowes now they doe condole.

Yet didſt thou tell them of thy troubled ſtate,
Of thy Soules heauineſſe vnto the death,
So full of Loue, ſo free wert thou from hate,
To bid them ſtay, whoſe ſinnes did ſtop thy breath,
When thou wert entring at ſo ſtraite a gate,
Yea entring euen into the doore of Death,
Thou bidſt them tarry there, and watch with thee,
Who from thy pretious blood-ſhed were not free.

Bidding them tarry, thou didſt further goe,
To meet affliction in ſuch graceſull ſort,
As might mooue pitie both in friend and foe,
Thy ſorowes ſuch, as none could them comport,
Such great Indurements who did euer know,
When to th'Almighty thou didſt make reſort?
And falling on thy face didſt humbly pray,
If 'twere his Will that Cup might paſſe away.

Saying, Not my will, but thy will Lord be done.
When as thou prayedſt an Angel did appeare
From Heauen, to comfort thee Gods onely Sonne,
That thou thy Suffrings might'ſt the better beare,
Beeing in an agony, thy glaſſe neere run,
Thou prayedſt more earneſtly, in ſo great feare,
That pretious ſweat came trickling to the ground,
Like drop's of blood thy ſences to confound,

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Loe here his Will, not thy Will, Lord was done,
And thou content to vndergoe all paines,
Sweet Lambe of God, his deare beloued Sonne,
By this great purchaſe, what to thee remaines?
Of Heaven and Earth thou haſt a Kingdom wonne,
Thy Glory beeing equall with thy Gaines,
In ratifying Gods promiſe on the Earth,
Made many hundred yeares before thy birth.

But now returning to thy ſleeping Friends,
That could not watch one houre for loue of thee,
Even thoſe three Friends, which on thy Grace depends,
Yet ſhut thoſe Eies that ſhould their Maker ſee;
What colour, what excuſe, or what amends,
From thy Diſpleaſure now can ſet them free?
Yet thy pure Pietie bids them Watch and Pray,
Leſt in Temptation they be led away.

Although the Spirit was willing to obay,
Yet what great weakeneſſe in the Fleſh was found!
They ſlept in Eaſe, whilſt thou in Paine didſt pray;
Loe, they in Sleepe, and thou in Sorow drown'd:
Yet Gods right Hand was vnto thee a ſtay,
When horror, griefe, and ſorow did abound:
His Angel did appeare from Heaven to thee,
To yeeld thee comfort in Extremitie.

But what could comfort then thy troubled Minde,
When Heaven and Earth were both againſt thee bent?
And thou no hope, no eaſe, no reſt could'ſt finde,
But muſt reſtore that Life, which was but lent;
Was euer Creature in the World ſo kinde,
But he that from Eternitie was ſent?
To ſatisfie for many Worlds of Sinne,
Whoſe matchleſſe Torments did but then begin.

If

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

If one Mans ſinne doth challendge Death and Hell,
With all the Torments that belong thereto:
If for one ſinne ſuch Plagues on *David* fell,
As grieued him, and did his Seed vndoe:
If *Salomon*, for that he did not well,
Falling from Grace, did looſe his Kingdome too:
Ten Tribes beeing taken from his wilfull Sonne
And Sinne the Cauſe that they were all vndone.

What could thy Innocency now expect,
When all the Sinnes that euer were committed,
Were laid to thee, whom no man could detect?
Yet farre thou wert of Man from beeing pittied,
The Iudge ſo iuſt could yeeld thee no reſpect,
Nor would one iot of penance be remitted;
But greater horror to thy Soule muſt riſe,
Than Heart can thinke, or any Wit deuiſe.

Now drawes the houre of thy affliction neere,
And vgly Death preſents himſelfe before thee;
Thou now muſt leaue thoſe Friends thou held'ſt ſo deere,
Yea thoſe Diſciples, who did moſt adore thee;
Yet in thy countenance doth no Wrath appeare,
Although betrayd to thoſe that did abhorre thee:
Thou did'ſt vouchſafe to viſit them againe,
Who had no apprehenſion of thy paine.

Their eyes were heavie, and their hearts aſleepe,
Nor knew they well what anſwere then to make thee;
Yet thou as Watchman, had'ſt a care to keepe
Thoſe few from ſinne, that ſhortly would forſake thee;
But now thou bidſt them henceforth Reſt and Sleepe,
Thy houre is come, and they at hand to take thee:
The Sonne of God to Sinners made a pray,
Oh hateſull houre! oh bleſt! oh curſed day!

Loe

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Loe here thy great Humility was found,
Beeing King of Heauen, and Monarch of the Earth,
Yet well content to haue thy Glory drownd,
By beeing counted of ſo meane a berth;
Grace, Loue, and Mercy did ſo much abound,
Thou entertaindſt the Croſſe, euen to the death:
And nam'dſt thy ſelfe, the ſonne of Man to be,
To purge our pride by thy Humilitie.

But now thy friends whom thou didſt call to goe,
Heauy Spectators of thy hapleſſe caſe,
See thy Betrayer, whom too well they knowe,
One of the twelue, now obiect of diſgrace,
A trothleſſe traytor, and a mortall foe,
With fained kindneſſe ſeekes thee to imbrace;
And giues a kiſſe, whereby he may deceiue thee,
That in the hands of Sinners he might leaue thee.

Now muſter forth with Swords, with Staues, with Bils,
High Prieſts and Scribes, and Elders of the Land,
Seeking by force to haue their wicked Wils,
Which thou didſt neuer purpoſe to withſtand;
Now thou mak'ſt haſte vnto the worſt of Ils,
And who they ſeeke, thou gently doeſt demand;
This didſt thou Lord, t'amaze theſe Fooles the more,
T'inquire of that, thou knew'ſt ſo well before.

When loe theſe Monſters did not ſhame to tell,
His name they ſought, and found, yet could not know
Ieſus of Nazareth, at whoſe feet they fell,
When Heauenly Wiſdome did deſcend ſo lowe
To ſpeake to them: they knew they did not well,
Their great amazement made them backeward goe:
Nay, though he ſaid vnto them, I am he,
They could not know him, whom their eyes did ſee.

How

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

How blinde were they could not diſcerne the Light!
How dull! if not to vnderſtand the truth,
How weake! if meekeneſſe overcame their might;
How ſtony hearted, if not mov'd to ruth:
How void of Pitie, and how full of Spight,
Gainſt him that was the Lord of Light and Truth:
Here inſolent Boldneſſe checkt by Love and Grace,
Retires, and falls before our Makers face.

For when he ſpake to this accurſed crew,
And mildely made them know that it was he:
Preſents himſelfe, that they might take a view;
And what they doubted they might cleerely ſee;
Nay more, to re-aſſure that it was true,
He ſaid: I ſay vnto you, I am hee.
If him they ſought, he's willing to obay,
Onely deſires the reſt might goe their way.

Thus with a heart prepared to endure
The greateſt wrongs Impietie could deviſe,
He was content to ſtoope vnto their Lure,
Although his Greatneſſe might doe otherwiſe:
Here Grace was ſeiſed on with hands impure,
And Virtue now muſt be ſuppreſt by Vice,
Pure Innocencie made a prey to Sinne,
Thus did his Torments and our Ioyes beginne.

Here faire Obẽdience ſhined in his breaſt,
And did ſuppreſſe all feare of future paine;
Love was his Leader vnto this vnreſt,
Whil'ſt Righteouſneſſe doth carry vp his Traine;
Mercy made way to make vs highly bleſt,
When Patience beat downe Sorrow, Feare and Paine:
Iuſtice ſate looking with an angry brow,
On bleſſed miſery appeering now.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

More glorious than all the Conquerors
That euer liu'd within this Earthly round,
More powrefull than all Kings, or Gouernours
That euer yet within this World were found;
More valiant than the greateſt Souldiers
That euer fought, to haue their glory crown'd:
For which of them, that euer yet tooke breath,
Sought t indure the doome of Heauen and Earth?

But our ſweet Sauiour whom theſe Iewes did name;
Yet could their learned Ignorance apprehend
No light of grace, to free themſelues from blame:
Zeale, Lawes, Religion, now they doe pretend
Againſt the truth, vntruths they ſeeke to frame:
Now al their powres, their wits, their ſtrengths, they bend
Againſt one fiely, weake, vnarmed man,
Who no reſiſtance makes, though much he can,

To free himſelfe from theſe vnlearned men,
Who call'd him Sauiour in his bleſſed name;
Yet farre from knowing him their Sauiour then,
That came to ſaue both them and theirs from blame;
Though they retire and fall, they come agen
To make a ſurer purchaſe of their ſhame:
With lights and torches now they find the way,
To take the Shepheard whilſt the ſheep doe ſtray.

Why ſhould vnlawfull actions vſe the Light?
Iniquitie in Darkeneſſe ſeekes to dwell;
Sinne rides his circuit in the dead of Night,
Teaching all ſoules the ready waies to hell;
Sathan coms arm'd with all the powres of Spight,
Heartens his Champions, makes them rude and fell;
Like rau'ning wolues, to ſhed his guildleſſe blood,
Who thought no harme, but di'd to doe them good.

Here

Here Falſhood beares the ſhew of formall Right,
Baſe Treacherie hath gote a guard of men;
Tyranny attends, with all his ſtrength and might,
To leade this fiely Lamb to Lyons denne;
Yet he vnmoou'd in this moſt wretched plight,
Goes on to meete them knowes the houre, and when:
The powre of darkeneſſe muſt expreſſe Gods ire,
Therefore to ſaue theſe few was his deſire.

Theſe few that wait on Pouerty and Shame,
And offer to be ſharers in his Ills;
Theſe few that will be ſpreaders of his Fame,
He will not leaue to Tyrants wicked wils;
But ſtill deſires to free them from all blame,
Yet Feare goes forward, Anger Patience kils:
A Saint is mooued to reuenge a wrong,
And Mildneſſe doth what doth to Wrath belong.

For *Peter* grieu'd at what might then befall,
Yet knew not what to doe, nor what to thinke,
Thought ſomething muſt be done; now, if at all,
To free his Maſter, that he might not drinke
This poys'ned draught, farre bitterer than gall,
For now he ſees him at the very brinke
Of griefly Death, who gins to ſhew his face,
Clad in all colours of a deepe diſgrace.

And now thoſe hands, that neuer vs'd to fight,
Or drawe a weapon in his owne defence,
Too forward is, to doe his Maſter right,
Since of his wrongs, hee feeles ſo true a ſence:
But ah poore *Peter*! now thou wanteſt might,
And hee's reſolu'd, with them he will goe hence:
To draw thy ſword in ſuch a helpeleſſe cauſe,
Offends thy Lord, and is againſt the Lawes.

So much he hates Revenge, ſo farre from Hate,
That he vouchſafes to heale, whom thou doſt wound;
His paths are Peace, with none he holdes Debate,
His Patience ſtands vpon ſo ſure a ground,
To counſell thee, although it comes too late:
Nay, to his foes, his mercies ſo abound,
That he in pitty doth thy will reſtraine,
And heales the hurt, and takes away the paine.

For willingly he will endure this wrong,
Although his pray'rs might have obtain'd ſuch grace,
As to diſſolve their plots though ne'r ſo ſtrong,
And bring theſe wicked Actors in worſe caſe
Than *Ægypts* King on whom Gods plagues did throng,
But that foregoing Scriptures muſt take place:
If God by prayers had an army ſent
Of powrefull Angels, who could them prevent?

Yet mightie IESVS meekely ask'd, Why they
With Swords and Staves doe come as to a Thiefe?
Hee teaching in the Temple day by day
None did offend, or give him cauſe of griefe.
Now all are forward, glad is he that may
Give moſt offence, and yeeld him leaſt reliefe:
His hatefull foes are ready now to take him,
And all his deere Diſciples do forſake him.

Thoſe deare Diſciples that he moſt did love,
And were attendant at his becke and call,
When triall of affliction came to prove,
They firſt left him, who now muſt leave them all:
For they were earth, and he came from above,
Which made them apt to flie, and fit to fall:
Though they proteſt they never will forſake him,
They do like men, when dangers overtake them.

And

And he alone is bound to loose vs all,
Whom with vnhallowed hands they led along,
To wicked *Caiphas* in the Iudgement Hall,
Who studies onely how to doe him wrong;
High Priests and Elders, People great and small,
With all reprochfull words about him throng:
False Witnesses are now call'd in apace,
Whose trothlesse tongues must make pale death imbrace

The beauty of the World, Heauens chiefest Glory;
The mirrour of Martyrs, Crowne of holy Saints;
Loue of th' Almighty, blessed Angels story;
Water of Life, which none that drinks it, faints;
Guide of the Iust, where all our Light we borrow;
Mercy of Mercies; Hearer of Complaints;
Triumpher ouer Death; Ransomer of Sinne;
Falsly accused: now his paines begin.

Their tongues doe serue him as a Passing bell,
For what they say is certainly beleeued;
So sound a tale vnto the Iudge they tell,
That he of Life must shortly be bereaued;
Their share of Heauen, they doe not care to sell,
So his afflicted Heart be throughly grieued:
They tell his Words, though farre from his intent,
And what his Speeches were, not what he meant.

That he Gods holy Temple could destroy,
And in three daies could build it vp againe;
This seem'd to them a vaine and idle toy,
It would not sinke into their sinful braine:
Christs blessed body, al true Christians joy,
Should die, and in three dayes reuiue againe:
This did the Lord of Heauen and earth endure,
Vniustly to be charg'd by tongues impure.

And now they all doe giue attentiue eare,
To heare the anſwere, which he will not make;
The people wonder how he can forbeare,
And theſe great wrongs ſo patiently can take;
But yet he anſwers not, nor doth he care,
Much more he will endure for our ſake:
Nor can their wiſdoms any way diſcouer,
Who he ſhould be that proou'd ſo true a Louer.

To entertaine the ſharpeſt pangs of death,
And fight a combate in the depth of hell,
For wretched Worldlings made of duſt and earth,
Whoſe hard'ned hearts, with pride and mallice ſwell;
In midſt of bloody ſweat, and dying breath,
He had compaſſion on theſe tyrants fell:
And purchaſt them a place in Heau'n for euer,
When they his Soule and Body ſought to ſeuer.

Sinnes vgly miſts, ſo blinded had their eyes,
That at Noone dayes they could diſcerne no Light;
Theſe were thoſe fooles, that thought themſelues ſo wiſe,
The Iewiſh wolues, that did our Sauiour bite;
For now they vſe all meanes they can deuiſe,
To beate downe truth, and goe againſt all right:
Yea now they take Gods holy name in vaine,
To know the truth, which truth they doe prophane.

The chiefeſt Hel-hounds of this hateſull crew,
Roſe vp to aske what anſwere he could make,
Againſt thoſe falſe accuſers in his view;
That by his ſpeech, they might aduantage take:
He held his peace, yet knew they ſaid not true,
No anſwere would his holy wiſdome make,
Till he was charged in his glorious name,
Whoſe pleaſure 'twas he ſhould endure this ſhame.

Then

Then with ſo mild a Maieſtie he ſpake,
As they might eaſly know from whence he came,
His harmleſſe tongue doth no exceptions take,
Nor Prieſts, nor People, meanes he now to blame;
But anſwers Folly, for true Wiſdomes ſake,
Beeing charged deeply by his powrefull name,
To tell if Chriſt the Sonne of God he be,
Who for our ſinnes muſt die, to ſet vs free.

To thee O *Caiphas* doth he anſwere giue,
That thou haſt ſaid, what thou deſir'ſt to know,
And yet thy malice will not let him liue,
So much thou art vnto thy ſelfe a foe;
He ſpeaketh truth, but thou wilt not beleeue,
Nor canſt thou apprehend it to be ſo:
Though he expreſſe his Glory vnto thee,
Thy Owly eies are blind, and cannot ſee.

Thou rend'ſt thy cloathes, in ſtead of thy falſe heart,
And on the guiltleſſe lai'ſt thy guilty crime;
For thou blaſphem'ſt, and he muſt feele the ſmart:
To ſentence death, thou think'ſt it now high time;
No witneſſe now thou need'ſt, for this fowle part,
Thou to the height of wickedneſſe canſt clime:
And giue occaſion to the ruder ſort,
To make afflictions, ſorrows, follies ſport.

Now when the dawne of day gins to appeare,
And all your wicked counſels haue an end,
To end his Life, that holds you all ſo deere,
For to that purpoſe did your ſtudies bend;
Pound *Pontius Pilate* muſt the matter heare,
To your vntroths his eares he now muſt lend:
Sweet *Ieſus* bound, to him you led away,
Of his moſt pretious blood to make yout pray.

Which,

Which, when that wicked Caytife did perceiue,
By whoſe lewd meanes he came to this diſtreſſe;
He brought the price of blood he did receiue,
Thinking thereby to make his fault ſeeme leſſe,
And with theſe Prieſts and Elders did it leaue,
Confeſt his fault, wherein he did tranſgreſſe:
But when he ſaw Repentance vnreſpected,
He hang'd himſelfe; of God and Man reiected.

By this Example, what can be expected
From wicked Man, which on the Earth doth liue?
But faithleſſe dealing, feare of God neglected;
Who for their priuate gaine cares not to ſell
The Innocent Blood of Gods moſt deere elected,
As did that caytife wretch, now damn'd in Hell:
If in Chriſts Schoole, he tooke ſo great a fall,
What will they doe, that come not there at all.

Now *Pontius Pilate* is to judge the Cauſe
Of faultleſſe *Ieſus*, who before him ſtands;
Who neither hath offended Prince, nor Lawes,
Although he now be brought in woefull bands:
O noble Gouernour, make thou yet a pauſe,
Doe not in innocent blood imbrue thy hands;
But heare the words of thy moſt worthy wife,
Who ſends to thee, to beg her Sauiours life.

Let barb'rous crueltie farre depart from thee,
And in true Iuſtice take afflictions part;
Open thine eies, that thou the truth mai'ſt ſee,
Doe not the thing that goes againſt thy heart,
Condemne not him that muſt thy Sauiour be;
But view his holy Life, his good deſert.
Let not vs Women glory in Mens fall,
Who had power giuen to ouer-rule vs all.

¶ Till now your indiſcretion ſets vs free,
And makes our former fault much leſſe appeare;
Our Mother *Eue*, who taſted of the Tree,
Giuing to *Adam* what ſhee held moſt deare,
Was ſimply good, and had no powre to ſee,
The after-comming harme did not appeare:
The ſubtile Serpent that our Sex betraide,
Before our fall ſo ſure a plot had laide.

Eues Apologie.

That vndiſcerning Ignorance perceau'd
No guile, or craft that was by him intended;
For had ſhe knowne, of what we were bereau'd,
To his requeſt ſhe had not condiſcended.
But ſhe (poore ſoule) by cunning was deceau'd,
No hurt therein her harmeleſſe Heart intended:
For ſhe alleadg'd Gods word, which he denies,
That they ſhould die, but euen as Gods, be wiſe.

But ſurely *Adam* can not be excuſ'd,
Her fault though great, yet hee was moſt too blame;
What Weakneſſe offerd, Strength might haue refuſde,
Being Lord of all, the greater was his ſhame:
Although the Serpents craft had her abuſde,
Gods holy word ought all his actions frame,
For he was Lord and King of all the earth,
Before poore *Eue* had either life or breath.

Who being fram'd by Gods eternall hand,
The perfect'ſt man that euer breath'd on earth;
And from Gods mouth receiu'd that ſtrait command,
The breach whereof he knew was preſent death:
Yea hauing powre to rule both Sea and Land,
Yet with one Apple wonne to looſe that breath
Which God had breathed in his beauteous face,
Bringing vs all in danger and diſgrace.

And then to lay the fault on Patience backe,
That we(poore women)muſt endure it all;
We know right well he did diſcretion lacke,
Beeing not perſwaded thereunto at all;
If *Eue* did erre,it was for knowledge ſake,
The fruit beeing faire perſwaded him to fall:
No ſubtill Serpents falſhood did betray him,
If he would eate it,who had powre to ſtay him?

Not *Eue*,whoſe fault was onely too much loue,
Which made her giue this preſent to her Deare,
That what ſhee taſted,he likewiſe might proue,
Whereby his knowledge might become more cleare;
He neuer ſought her weakeneſſe to reproue,
With thoſe ſharpe words,which he of God did heare:
Yet Men will boaſt of Knowledge,which he tooke
From *Eues* faire hand,as from a learned Booke.

If any Euill did in her remaine,
Beeing made of him,he was the ground of all;
If one of many Worlds could lay a ſtaine
Vpon our Sexe,and worke ſo great a fall
To wretched Man,by Satans ſubtill traine;
What will ſo fowle a fault amongſt you all?
Her weakeneſſe did the Serpents words obay,
But you in malice Gods deare Sonne betray.

Whom,if vniuſtly you condemne to die,
Her ſinne was ſmall,to what you doe commit;
All mortall ſinnes that doe for vengeance crie,
Are not to be compared vnto it:
If many worlds would altogether trie,
By all their ſinnes the wrath of God to get;
This ſinne of yours,ſurmounts them all as farre
As doth the Sunne,another little ſtarre.

Then

Then let vs haue our Libertie againe,
And challendge to your ſelues no Sou'raigntie;
You came not in the world without our paine,
Make that a barre againſt your crueltie;
Your fault beeing greater, why ſhould you diſdaine
Our beeing your equals, free from tyranny?
If one weake woman ſimply did offend,
This ſinne of yours, hath no excuſe, nor end.

To which (poore ſoules) we neuer gaue conſent,
Witneſſe thy wife (O *Pilate*) ſpeakes for all;
Who did but dreame, and yet a meſſage ſent,
That thou ſhould'ſt haue nothing to doe at all
With that juſt man; which, if thy heart relent,
Why wilt thou be a reprobate with *Saul?*
To ſeeke the death of him that is ſo good,
For thy ſoules health to ſhed his deareſt blood.

Yea, ſo thou mai'ſt theſe ſinful people pleaſe,
Thou art content againſt all truth and right,
To ſeale this act, that may procure thine eaſe
With blood, and wrong, with tyrannie, and might;
The multitude thou ſeekeſt to appeaſe,
By baſe deiection of this heauenly Light:
Demanding which of theſe that thou ſhould'ſt looſe,
Whether the Thiefe, or Chriſt King of the Iewes.

Baſe *Barrabas* the Thiefe, they all deſire,
And thou more baſe than he, perform'ſt their will;
Yet when thy thoughts backe to themſelues retire,
Thou art vnwilling to commit this ill:
Oh that thou couldſt vnto ſuch grace aſpire,
That thy polluted lips might neuer kill
That Honour, which right Iudgement euer graceth,
To purchaſe ſhame, which all true worth defaceth.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Art thou a Iudge, and asketh what to do
With one, in whom no fault there can be found?
The death of Christ wilt thou consent vnto,
Finding no cause, no reason, nor no ground?
Shall he be scourg'd, and crucified too?
And must his miseries by thy meanes abound?
Yet not asham'd to aske what he hath done,
When thine owne conscience seeks this sinne to shunne.

Three times thou ask'st, What euill hath he done?
And saist, thou find'st in him no cause of death,
Yet wilt thou chasten Gods beloued Sonne,
And yet to thee no word of ill he saith:
The which must end, what Malice hath begunne,
And thou must yield to stop his guiltlesse breath.
This rude tumultuous rowt doth presse so sore,
That thou condemnest him thou shouldst adore.

Yet *Pilate*, this can yeeld thee no content,
To exercise thine owne authoritie,
But vnto *Herod* he must needes be sent,
To reconcile thy selfe by tyrannie:
Was this the greatest good in Iustice meant,
When thou perceiu'st no fault in him to be?
If thou must make thy peace by Virtues fall,
Much better 'twere not to be friends at all.

Yet neither thy sterne browe, nor his great place,
Can draw an answer from the Holy One:
His false accusers, nor his great disgrace,
Nor *Herods* scoffes; to him they are all one:
He neither cares, nor feares his owne ill case,
Though being despis'd and mockt of euery one:
King *Herods* gladnesse giues him little ease,
Neither his anger seekes he to appease.

Yet

Yet this is ſtrange, that baſe Impietie
Should yeeld thoſe robes of honour, which were due;
Pure white, to ſhew his great Integritie,
His innocency, that all the world might view;
Perfections height in loweſt penury,
Such glorious pouerty as they neuer knew:
Purple and Scarlet well might him beſeeme,
Whoſe pretious blood muſt all the world redeeme.

And that Imperiall Crowne of Thornes he wore,
Was much more pretious than the Diadem
Of any King that euer liu'd before,
Or ſince his time, their honour's but a dreame
To his eternall glory, beeing ſo poore,
To make a purchaſſe of that heauenly Realme;
Where God with all his Angels liues in peace,
No griefes, nor ſorrowes, but all joyes increaſe.

Thoſe royall robes, which they in ſcorne did giue,
To make him odious to the common ſort,
Yeeld light of Grace to thoſe whoſe ſoules ſhall liue
Within the harbour of this heauenly port;
Much doe they joy, and much more doe they grieue,
His death, their life, ſhould make his foes ſuch ſport:
With ſharpeſt thornes to pricke his bleſſed face,
Our joyfull ſorrow, and his greater grace.

Three feares at once poſſeſſed *Pilates* heart;
The firſt, Chriſts innocencie, which ſo plaine appeares;
The next, That he which now muſt feele this ſmart,
Is Gods deare Sonne, for any thing he heares:
But that which proou'd the deepeſt wounding dart,
Is Peoples threat'nings, which he ſo much feares,
That he to *Cæſar* could not be a friend,
Vnleſſe he ſent ſweet IESVS to his end.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Now *Pilate* thou art proou'd a painted wall,
A golden Sepulcher with rotten bones;
From right to wrong, from equitie to fall:
If none vpbraid thee, yet the very ſtones
Will riſe againſt thee, and in queſtion call
His blood, his teares, his ſighes, his bitter groanes:
All theſe will witneſſe at the latter day,
When water cannot waſh thy ſinne away.

Canſt thou be innocent, that gainſt all right,
Wilt yeeld to what thy conſcience doth withſtand?
Beeing a man of knowledge, powre, and might,
To let the wicked carrie ſuch a hand,
Before thy face to blindfold Heau'ns bright light,
And thou to yeeld to what they did demand?
Waſhing thy hands, thy conſcience cannot cleare,
But to all worlds this ſtaine muſt needs appeare.

For loe, the Guiltie doth accuſe the Iuſt,
And faultie Iudge condemnes the Innocent;
And wilfull Iewes to exerciſe their luſt,
With whips and taunts againſt their Lord are bent;
He baſely vs'd, blaſphemed, ſcorn'd, and curſt,
Our heauenly King to death for vs they ſent:
Reproches, ſlanders, ſpittings in his face,
Spight doing all her worſt in his diſgrace.

Chriſt going to death.

¶ And now this long expected houre drawes neere,
When bleſſed Saints with Angels doe condole;
His holy march, ſoft pace, and heauy cheere,
In humble ſort to yeeld his glorious ſoule,
By his deſerts the fowleſt ſinnes to cleare;
And in th'eternall booke of heauen to enroule
A ſatisfaction till the generall doome,
Of all ſinnes paſt, and all that are to come.

They

They that had ſeene this pitifull Proceſſion,
From *Pilates* Palace to Mount Caluarie,
Might thinke he anſwer'd for ſome great tranſgreſſion,
Beeing in ſuch odious ſort condemn'd to die;
He plainely ſhewed that his owne profeſſion
Was virtue, patience, grace, loue, piety;
And how by ſuffering he could conquer more
Than all the Kings that euer liu'd before.

Firſt went the Crier with open mouth proclayming
The heauy ſentence of Iniquitie,
The Hangman next, by his baſe office clayming
His right in Hell, where ſinners neuer die,
Carrying the nayles, the people ſtill blaſpheming
Their maker, vſing all impiety;
The Theeues attending him on either ſide,
¶ The Serjeants watching, while the women cri'd.

The teares of the daughters of Ieruſalem.

Thrice happy women that obtaind ſuch grace
From him whoſe worth the world could not containe;
Immediately to turne about his face,
As not remembring his great griefe and paine,
To comfort you, whoſe teares powr'd forth apace
On *Flora's* bankes, like ſhewers of Aprils raine:
Your cries inforced mercie, grace, and loue
From him, whom greateſt Princes could not moue.

To ſpeake on word, nor once to lift his eyes
Vnto proud *Pilate*, no nor *Herod*, king,
By all the Queſtions that they could deuiſe,
Could make him anſwere to no manner of thing;
Yet theſe poore women, by their pitious cries
Did moue their Lord, their Louer, and their King,
To take compaſſion, turne about, and ſpeake
To them whoſe hearts were ready now to breake.

Moſt

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Most blessed daughters of Ierusalem,
Who found such fauour in your Sauiors sight,
To turne his face when you did pitie him;
Your tearefull eyes, beheld his eies more bright;
Your Faith and Loue vnto such grace did clime,
To haue reflection from this Heau'nly Light:
Your Eagles eyes did gaze against this Sunne,
Your hearts did thinke, he dead, the world were done.

When spightfull men with torments did oppresse
Th'afflicted body of this innocent Doue,
Poore women seeing how much they did transgresse,
By teares, by sighes, by cries intreat, nay proue,
What may be done among the thickest presse,
They labour still these tyrants hearts to moue;
In pitie and compassion to forbeare
Their whipping, spurning, tearing of his haire.

But all in vaine, their malice hath no end,
Their hearts more hard than flint, or marble stone;
Now to his griefe, his greatnesse they attend,
When he (God knowes) had rather be alone;
They are his guard, yet seeke all meanes to offend:
Well may he grieue, well may he sigh and groane,
Vnder the burthen of a heauy crosse,
He faintly goes to make their gaine his losse.

The sorrow of the virgin Marie.

¶ His woefull Mother wayting on her Sonne,
All comfortlesse in depth of sorow drowned;
Her griefes extreame, although but new begun,
To see his bleeding body oft shee swouned;
How could shee choose but thinke her selfe vndone,
He dying, with whose glory shee was crowned?
None euer lost so great a losse as shee,
Seeing Sonne, and Father of Eternitie.

Her

Her teares did waſh away his pretious blood,
That ſinners might not tread it vnder feet
To worſhip him, and that it did her good
Vpon her knees, although in open ſtreet,
Knowing he was the Ieſſie floure and bud,
That muſt be gath'red when it ſmell'd moſt ſweet:
Her Sonne, her Husband, Father, Saviour, King,
Whoſe death killd Death, and tooke away his ſting.

Moſt bleſſed Virgin, in whoſe faultleſſe fruit,
All Nations of the earth muſt needes reioyce,
No Creature having ſence though ne'r ſo brute,
But ioyes and trembles when they heare his voyce;
His wiſedome ſtrikes the wiſeſt perſons mute,
Fa'r: choſen veſſell, happy in his choyce:
Deere Mother of our Lord, whoſe reuerend name,
All people Bleſſed call, and ſpread thy fame.

For the Almightie magnified thee,
And looked downe vpon thy meane eſtate;
Thy lowly mind, and vnſtain'd Chaſtitie,
Did pleade for Loue at great *Iehouaes* gate,
Who ſending ſwift-wing'd *Gabriel* vnto thee,
His holy will and pleaſure to relate;
To thee moſt beauteous Queene of Woman-kind,
The Angell did vnfold his Makers mind.

The ſalutation of the virgin Marie.

¶ He thus beganne, Haile *Mary* full of grace,
Thou freely art beloued of the Lord,
He is with thee, behold thy happy caſe;
What endleſſe comfort did theſe words afford
To thee that ſaw'ſt an Angell in the place
Proclaime thy Virtues worth, and to record
Thee bleſſed among women: that thy praiſe
Should laſt ſo many worlds beyond thy daies.

Loe, this high meſſage to thy troubled ſpirit,
He doth deliuer in the plaineſt ſence;
Sayes, Thou ſhouldſt beare a Sonne that ſhal inherit
His Father *Dauids* throne, free from offence,
Call's him that Holy thing, by whoſe pure merit
We muſt be ſau'd, tels what he is, of whence;
His worth, his greatneſſe, what his name muſt be,
Who ſhould be call'd the Sonne of the moſt High.

He cheeres thy troubled ſoule, bids thee not feare;
When thy pure thoughts could hardly apprehend
This ſalutation, when he did appeare;
Nor couldſt thou judge, whereto thoſe words did tend;
His pure aſpect did mooue thy modeſt cheere
To muſe, yet joy that God vouchſaf'd to ſend
His glorious Angel; who did thee aſſure
To beare a child, although a Virgin pure.

Nay more, thy Sonne ſhould Rule and Raigne for euer;
Yea, of his Kingdom there ſhould be no end;
Ouer the houſe of *Iacob*, Heauens great Giuer
Would giue him powre, and to that end did ſend
His faithfull ſeruant *Gabriel* to deliuer
To thy chaſt eares no word that might offend:
But that this bleſſed Infant borne of thee,
Thy Sonne, The onely Sonne of God ſhould be.

When on the knees of thy ſubmiſſiue heart
Thou humbly didſt demand, How that ſhould be?
Thy virgin thoughts did thinke, none could impart
This great good hap, and bleſſing vnto thee;
Farre from deſire of any man thou art,
Knowing not one, thou art from all men free:
When he, to anſwere this thy chaſte deſire,
Giues thee more cauſe to wonder and admire.

That

That thou a bleſſed Virgin ſhoulſt remaine,
Yea that the holy Ghoſt ſhould come on thee
A maiden Mother, ſubiect to no paine,
For higheſt powre ſhould ouerſhadow thee:
Could thy faire eyes from teares of joy refraine,
When God look'd downe vpon thy poore degree?
Making thee Seruant, Mother, Wife, and Nurſe
To Heauens bright King, that freed vs from the curſe.

Thus beeing crown'd with glory from aboue,
Grace and Perfection reſting in thy breaſt,
Thy humble anſwer doth approoue thy Loue,
And all theſe ſayings in thy heart doe reſt:
Thy Child a Lambe, and thou a Turtle doue,
Aboue all other women highly bleſt;
To find ſuch fauour in his glorious ſight,
In whom thy heart and ſoule doe moſt delight.

What wonder in the world more ſtrange could ſeeme,
Than that a Virgin could conceiue and beare
Within her wombe a Sonne, That ſhould redeeme
All Nations on the earth, and ſhould repaire
Our old decaies: who in ſuch high eſteeme,
Should prize all mortals, liuing in his feare;
As not to ſhun Death, Pouertie, and Shame,
To ſaue their ſoules, and ſpread his glorious Name.

And partly to fulfil his Fathers pleaſure,
Whoſe powrefull hand allowes it not for ſtrange,
If he vouchſafe the riches of his treaſure,
Pure Righteouſneſſe to take ſuch il exchange;
On all Iniquitie to make a ſeiſure,
Giuing his ſnow-white Weed for ours in change;
Our mortall garment in a skarlet Die,
Too baſe a roabe for Immortalitie.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Moſt happy news, that euer yet was brought,
When Pouerty and Riches met together,
The wealth of Heauen, in our fraile clothing wrought
Saluation by his happy comming hither:
Mighty Meſſias, who ſo deerely bought
Vs Slaues to ſinne, farre lighter than a feather:
Toſs'd to and fro with euery wicked wind,
The world, the fleſh, or Deuill giues to blind.

Who on his ſhoulders our blacke ſinnes doth beare
To that moſt bleſſed, yet accurſed Croſſe;
Where faſtning them, he rids vs of our feare,
Yea for our gaine he is content with loſſe,
Our ragged clothing ſcornes he not to weare,
Though foule, rent, torne, diſgracefull, rough and groſſe,
Spunne by that monſter Sinne, and weav'd by Shame,
Which grace it ſelfe, diſgrac'd with impure blame.

How canſt thou chooſe (faire Virgin) then but mourne,
When this ſweet of-ſpring of thy body dies,
When thy faire eies beholds his bodie torne,
The peoples fury, heares the womens cries;
His holy name prophan'd, He made a ſcorne,
Abuſde with all their hatefull ſlaunderous lies:
Bleeding and fainting in ſuch wondrous ſort,
As ſcarce his feeble limbes can him ſupport.

Now *Simon* of *Cyrene* paſſeth them by,
Whom they compell ſweet IESVS Croſſe to beare
To *Golgatha*, there doe they meane to trie
All cruell meanes to worke in him diſpaire:
That odious place, where dead mens skulls did lie,
There muſt our Lord for preſent death prepare:
His ſacred blood muſt grace that loathſome field,
To purge more filth, than that foule place could yield.

For

¶ For now arriu'd vnto this hatefull place, *Christs death.*
In which his Croſſe erected needes muſt bee,
Faſſe hearts, and willing hands come on apace,
All preſt to ill, and all deſire to ſee:
Graceleſſe themſelues, ſtill ſeeking to diſgrace;
Bidding him, If the Sonne of God he bee,
To ſaue himſelfe, if he could others ſaue,
With all th'opprobrious words that might depraue.

His harmeleſſe hands vnto the Croſſe they nailde,
And feet that neuer trode in ſinners trace,
Betweene two theeues, vnpitied, vnbewailde,
Saue of ſome few poſſeſſors of his grace,
With ſharpeſt pangs and terrors thus appailde,
Sterne Death makes way, that Life might giue him place:
His eyes with teares, his body full of wounds,
Death laſt of paines his ſorrows all confounds.

His joynts diſ-joynted, and his legges hang downe,
His alablaſter breaſt, his bloody ſide,
His members torne, and on his head a Crowne
Of ſharpeſt Thorns, to ſatisfie for pride:
Anguiſh and Paine doe all his Sences drowne,
While they his holy garments do diuide:
His bowells drie, his heart full fraught with griefe,
Crying to him that yeelds him no reliefe.

¶ This with the eie of Faith thou maiſt behold, *To my Ladie of Cumberland.*
Deere Spouſe of Chriſt, and more than I can write;
And here both Griefe and Ioy thou maiſt vnfold,
To view thy Loue in this moſt heauy plight,
Bowing his head, his bloodleſſe body cold;
Thoſe eies waxe dimme that gaue vs all our light,
His count'nance pale, yet ſtill continues ſweet,
His bleſſed blood watring his pierced feet.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

O glorious miracle without compare!
Laſt, but not leaſt which was by him effected;
Vniting death, life, miſery, joy and care,
By his ſharpe paſſion in his deere elected:
Who doth the Badges of like Liueries weare,
Shall find how deere they are of him reſpected.
No joy, griefe, paine, life, death, was like to his,
Whoſe infinite dolours wrought eternall bliſſe.

The terror of all creatures at that inſtant when Chriſt died.

¶ What creature on the earth did then remaine,
On whom the horror of this ſhamefull deed
Did not inflict ſome violent touch, or ſtraine,
To ſee the Lord of all the world to bleed?
His dying breath did rend huge rockes in twaine,
The heauens betooke them to their mourning weed:
The Sunne grew darke, and ſcorn'd to giue them light,
Who durſt eclipſe a glory farre more bright.

The Moone and Starres did hide themſelues for ſhame,
The earth did rremble in her loyall feare,
The Temple vaile did rent to ſpread his fame,
The Monuments did open euery where;
Dead Saints did riſe forth of their graues, and came
To diuers people that remained there
Within that holy City; whoſe offence,
Did put their Maker to this large expence.

Things reaſonable, and reaſonleſſe poſſeſt
The terrible impreſſion of this fact;
For his oppreſſion made them all oppreſt,
When with his blood he ſeal'd ſo faire an act,
In reſtleſſe miſerie to procure our reſt;
His glorious deedes that dreadfull priſon ſackt:
When Death, Hell, Diuells, vſing all their powre,
Were ouercome in that moſt bleſſed houre.

Being

Being dead, he killed Death, and did ſuruiue
That prowd inſulting Tyrant: in whoſe place
He ſends bright Immortalitie to reuiue
Thoſe whom his yron armes did long embrace;
Who from their loathſome graues brings them aliue
In glory to behold their Sauiours face:
Who tooke the keys of all Deaths powre away,
Opening to thoſe that would his name obay.

O wonder, more than man can comprehend,
Our Ioy and Griefe both at one inſtant fram'd,
Compounded: Contrarieties contend
Each to exceed, yet neither to be blam'd.
Our Griefe to ſee our Sauiours wretched end,
Our Ioy to know both Death and Hell he tam'd:
That we may ſay, O Death, where is thy ſting?
Hell, yeeld thy victory to thy conq'ring King.

Can ſtony hearts refraine from ſhedding teares,
To view the life and death of this ſweet Saint?
His auſtere courſe in yong and tender yeares,
When great inducements could not make him faint:
His wants, his paines, his torments, and his feares,
All which he vndertooke without conſtraint,
To ſhew that infinite Goodneſſe muſt reſtore,
What infinite Iuſtice looked for, and more.

Yet, had he beene but of a meane degree,
His ſuffrings had beene ſmall to what they were;
Meane minds will ſhew of what meane moulds they bee;
Small griefes ſeeme great, yet Vſe doth make them beare:
But ah! tis hard to ſtirre a ſturdy tree;
Great dangers hardly puts great minds in feare:
They will conceale their griefes which mightie grow
In their ſtout hearts vntill they ouerflow.

If

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

If then an earthly Prince may ill endure
The leaſt of thoſe afflictions which he bare,
How could this all-commaunding King procure
Such grieuous torments with his mind to ſquare,
Legions of Angells being at his Lure?
He might haue liu'd in pleaſure without care:
None can conceiue the bitter paines he felt,
When God and man muſt ſuffer without guilt.

Take all the Suffrings Thoughts can thinke vpon,
In eu'ry man that this huge world hath bred;
Let all thoſe Paines and Suffrings meet in one,
Yet are they not a Mite to that he did
Endure for vs: Oh let vs thinke thereon,
That God ſhould haue his pretious blood ſo ſhed:
His Greatneſſe clothed in our fraile attire,
And pay ſo deare a ranſome for the hire.

Loe, here was glorie, miſerie, life and death,
An vnion of contraries did accord;
Gladneſſe and ſadneſſe here had one berth,
This wonder wrought the Paſſion of our Lord,
He ſuffring for all the ſinnes of all th'earth,
No ſatisfaction could the world afford:
But this rich Iewell, which from God was ſent,
To call all thoſe that would in time repent.

Which I preſent (deare Lady) to your view,
Vpon the Croſſe depriu'd of life or breath,
To judge if euer Louer were ſo true,
To yeeld himſelfe vnto ſuch ſhamefull death:
Now bleſſed *Ioſeph* doth both beg and ſue,
To haue his body who poſſeſt his faith,
And thinkes, if he this ſmall requeſt obtaines,
He wins more wealth than in the world remaines.

This

Thus honourable *Ioseph* is possest,
Of what his heart and soule so much desired,
And now he goes to giue that body rest,
That all his life, with griefes and paines was tired;
He finds a Tombe, a Tombe most rarely blest,
In which was neuer creature yet interred;
There this most pretious body he incloses,
Imbalmd and deckt with Lillies and with Roses.

Loe here the Beautie of Heau'n and Earth is laid,
The purest coulers vnderneath the Sunne,
But in this place he cannot long be staid,
Glory must end what horror hath begun;
For he the furie of the Heauens obay'd,
And now he must possesse what he hath wonne:
The *Maries* doe with pretious balmes attend,
But beeing come, they find it to no end.

¶ For he is rize from Death t'Eternall Life, *Christs resurrection.*
And now those pretious oyntments he desires
Are brought vnto him, by his faithfull Wife
The holy Church; who in those rich attires,
Of Patience, Loue, Long suffring, Voide of strife,
Humbly presents those oyntments he requires:
The oyles of Mercie, Charitie, and Faith,
Shee onely giues that which no other hath.

¶ These pretious balmes doe heale his grieuous wounds, *A briefe description of his beautie vpon the Canticles.*
And water of Compunction washeth cleane
The soares of sinnes, which in our Soules abounds;
So faire it heales, no skarre is euer seene;
Yet all the glory vnto Christ redounds,
His pretious blood is that which must redeeme;
Those well may make vs louely in his sight,
But cannot saue without his powrefull might.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

This is that Bridegroome that appeares so faire,
So sweet, so louely in his Spouses sight,
That vnto Snowe we may his face compare,
His cheekes like skarlet, and his eyes so bright
As pureſt Doues that in the riuers are,
Waſhed with milke, to giue the more delight;
His head is likened to the fineſt gold,
His curled lockes so beautcous to behold;

Blacke as a Raven in her blackeſt hew;
His lips like skarlet threeds, yet much more ſweet
Than is the ſweeteſt hony dropping dew,
Or hony combes, where all the Bees doe meet;
Yea, he is conſtant, and his words are true,
His cheekes are beds of ſpices, flowers ſweet;
His lips like Lillies, dropping downe pure mirrhe,
Whoſe loue, before all worlds we doe preferre.

To my Lady of Cumberland.

¶ Ah! giue me leaue (good Lady) now to leaue
This taske of Beauty which I tooke in hand,
I cannot wade so deepe, I may deceaue
My ſelfe, before I can attaine the land;
Therefore (good Madame) in your heart I leaue
His perfect picture, where it ſtill ſhall ſtand,
Deepely engraued in that holy ſhrine,
Enuironed with Loue and Thoughts diuine.

There may you ſee him as a God in glory,
And as a man in miſerable caſe;
There may you reade his true and perfect ſtorie,
His bleeding body there you may embrace,
And kiſſe his dying cheekes with teares of ſorrow,
With ioyfull griefe, you may intreat for grace;
And all your prayers, and your almes-deeds
May bring to ſtop his cruell wounds that bleeds.

Oft

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Oft times hath he made triall of your loue,
And in your Faith hath tooke no ſmall delight,
By Croſſes and Afflictions he doth proue,
Yet ſtill your heart remaineth firme and right;
Your loue ſo ſtrong, as nothing can remoue,
Your thoughts beeing placed on him both day and night,
Your conſtant ſoule doth lodge betweene her breſts,
This Sweet of ſweets, in which all glory reſts.

Sometime h'appeares to thee in Shepheards weed,
And ſo preſents himſelfe before thine eyes,
A good old man; that goes his flocke to feed;
Thy colour changes, and thy heart doth riſe;
Thou call'ſt, he comes, thou find'ſt tis he indeed,
Thy Soule conceaues that he is truely wiſe:
Nay more, deſires that he may be the Booke,
Whereon thine eyes continually may looke.

Sometime impriſon'd, naked, poore, and bare,
Full of diſeaſes, impotent, and lame,
Blind, deafe, and dumbe, he comes vnto his faire,
To ſee if yet ſhee will remaine the ſame;
Nay ſicke and wounded, now thou do'ſt prepare
To cheriſh him in thy deare Louers name:
Yea thou beſtow'ſt all paines, all coſt, all care,
That may relieue him, and his health repaire.

Theſe workes of mercy are ſo ſweete, ſo deare
To him that is the Lord of Life and Loue,
That all thy prayers he vouchſafes to heare,
And ſends his holy Spirit from aboue;
Thy eyes are op'ned, and thou ſeeſt ſo cleare,
No worldly thing can thy faire mind remoue;
Thy faith, thy prayers, and his ſpeciall grace
Doth open Heau'n, where thou behold'ſt his face.

Theſe are thoſe Keyes Saint *Peter* did poſſeſſe,
Which with a Spirituall powre are giu'n to thee,
To heale the ſoules of thoſe that doe tranſgreſſe,
By thy faire virtues; which, if once they ſee,
Vnto the like they doe their minds addreſſe,
Such as thou art, ſuch they deſire to be:
If they be blind, thou giu'ſt to them their ſight;
If deafe or lame, they heare, and goe vpright.

Yea, if poſſeſt with any euill ſpirits,
Such powre thy faire examples haue obtain'd
To caſt them out, applying Chriſts pure merits,
By which they are bound, and of all hurt reſtrain'd:
If ſtrangely taken, wanting ſence or wits,
Thy faith appli'd vnto their ſoules ſo pain'd,
Healeth all griefes, and makes them grow ſo ſtrong,
As no defects can hang vpon them long.

Thou beeing thus rich, no riches do'ſt reſpect,
Nor do'ſt thou care for any outward ſhowe;
The proud that doe faire Virtues rules neglect,
Deſiring place, thou ſitteſt them belowe:
All wealth and honour thou do'ſt quite reiect,
If thou perceiu'ſt that once it prooues a foe
To virtue, learning, and the powres diuine,
Thou mai'ſt conuert, but neuer wilt incline

To fowle diſorder, or licentiouſneſſe,
But in thy modeſt vaile do'ſt ſweetly couer
The ſtaines of other ſinnes, to make themſelues,
That by this meanes thou mai'ſt in time recouer
Thoſe weake loſt ſheepe that did ſo long tranſgreſſe,
Preſenting them vnto thy deereſt Louer;
That when he brings them backe vnto his fold,
In their conuerſion then he may behold

Thy

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Thy beauty ſhining brighter than the Sunne,
Thine honour more than euer Monarke gaind,
Thy wealth exceeding his that Kingdomes wonne,
Thy Loue vnto his Spouſe, thy Faith vnfaind,
Thy Conſtancy in what thou haſt begun,
Till thou his heauenly Kingdom haue obtaind;
Reſpecting worldly wealth to be but droſſe,
Which, if abuz'd, doth prooue the owners loſſe.

Great *Cleopatra's* loue to *Anthony*,
Can no way be compared vnto thine;
Shee left her Loue in his extremitie,
When greateſt need ſhould cauſe her to combine
Her force with his, to get the Victory:
Her Loue was earthly, and thy Loue Diuine;
Her Loue was onely to ſupport her pride,
Humilitie thy Loue and Thee doth guide.

That glorious part of Death, which laſt ſhee plai'd,
T'appeaſe the ghoſt of her deceaſed Loue,
Had neuer needed, if ſhee could haue ſtai'd
When his extreames made triall, and did proue
Her leaden loue vnconſtant, and afraid:
Their wicked warres the wrath of God might moue
To take reuenge for chaſt *Octavia's* wrongs,
Becauſe ſhee enjoyes what vnto her belongs.

No *Cleopatra*, though thou wert as faire
As any Creature in *Antonius* eyes;
Yea though thou wert as rich, as wiſe, as rare,
As any Pen could write, or Wit deuiſe;
Yet with this Lady canſt thou not compare,
Whoſe inward virtues all thy worth denies:
Yet thou a blacke Egyptian do'ſt appeare;
Thou falſe, ſhee true; and to her Loue more deere.

Shee ſacrificeth to her deereſt Loue,
With flowres of Faith, and garlands of Good deeds;
Shee flies not from him when afflictions proue,
Shee beares his croſſe, and ſtops his wounds that bleeds;
Shee loues and liues chaſte as the Turtle doue,
Shee attends vpon him, and his flocke ſhee feeds;
Yea for one touch of death which thou did'ſt trie,
A thouſand deaths ſhee euery day doth die.

Her virtuous life exceeds thy worthy death,
Yea, ſhe hath richer ornaments of ſtate,
Shining more glorious than in dying breath
Thou didſt; when either pride, or cruell fate,
Did worke thee to preuent a double death;
To ſtay the malice, ſcorne, and cruell hate
Of Rome; that joy'd to ſee thy pride pull'd downe,
Whoſe Beauty wrought the hazard of her Crowne.

Good Madame, though your modeſtie be ſuch,
Not to acknowledge what we know and find;
And that you thinke theſe prayſes ouermuch,
Which doe expreſſe the beautie of your mind;
Yet pardon me although I giue a touch
Vnto their eyes, that elſe would be ſo blind,
As not to ſee thy ſtore, and their owne wants,
From whoſe faire ſeeds of Virtue ſpring theſe plants.

And knowe, when firſt into this world I came,
This charge was giu'n me by th'Eternall powres,
Th'euerlaſting Trophie of thy fame,
To build and decke it with the ſweeteſt flowres
That virtue yeelds; Then Madame, doe not blame
Me, when I ſhew the World but what is yours,
And decke you with that crowne which is your due,
That of Heau'ns beauty Earth may take a view.

Though

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Though famous women elder times haue knowne,
Whose glorious actions did appeare so bright,
That powrefull men by them were ouerthrowne,
And all their armies ouercome in fight;
The Scythian women by their powre alone,
Put king *Darius* vnto shamefull flight:
All Asia yeelded to their conq'ring hand,
Great *Alexander* could not their powre withstand.

Whose worth, though writ in lines of blood and fire,
Is not to be compared vnto thine;
Their powre was small to ouercome Desire,
Or to direct their wayes by Vertues line:
Were they aliue, they would thy Life admire,
And vnto thee their honours would resigne:
For thou a greater conquest do'st obtaine,
Than they who haue so many thousands slaine.

Wise *Deborah* that judged Israel,
Nor valiant *Iudeth* cannot equall thee,
Vnto the first, God did his will reueale,
And gaue her powre to set his people free;
Yea *Iudeth* had the powre likewise to queale
Proud *Holifernes*, that the just might see
What small defence vaine pride, and greatnesse hath
Against the weapons of Gods word and faith.

But thou farre greater warre do'st still maintaine,
Against that many headed monster Sinne,
Whose mortall sting hath many thousand slaine,
And euery day fresh combates doe begin;
Yet cannot all his venome lay one staine
Vpon thy Soule, thou do'st the conquest winne,
Though all the world he daily doth deuoure,
Yet ouer thee he neuer could get powre.

For

For that one worthy deed by *Deb'rah* done,
Thou haſt performed many in thy time;
For that one Conqueſt that faire *Iudeth* wonne,
By which ſhee did the ſteps of honour clime;
Thou haſt the Conqueſt of all Conqueſts wonne,
When to thy Conſcience Hell can lay no crime:
For that one head that *Iudeth* bare away,
Thou tak'ſt from Sinne a hundred heads a day.

Though virtuous *Heſter* faſted three dayes ſpace,
And ſpent her time in prayers all that while,
That by Gods powre ſhee might obtaine ſuch grace,
That ſhee and hers might not become a ſpoyle
To wicked *Hamon*, in whoſe crabbed face
Was ſeene the map of malice, enuie, guile;
Her glorious garments though ſhee put apart,
So to preſent a pure and ſingle heart

To God, in ſack-cloth, aſhes, and with teares;
Yet muſt faire *Heſter* needs giue place to thee,
Who hath continu'd dayes, weekes, months, and yeares,
In Gods true ſeruice, yet thy heart beeing free
From doubt of death, or any other feares:
Faſting from ſinne, thou pray'ſt thine eyes may ſee
Him that hath full poſſeſſion of thine heart,
From whoſe ſweet loue thy Soule can neuer part.

His Loue, not Feare, makes thee to faſt and pray,
No kinſmans counſell needs thee to aduiſe;
The ſack-cloth thou do'ſt weare both night and day,
Is worldly troubles, which thy reſt denies;
The aſhes are the Vanities that play
Ouer thy head, and ſteale before thine eyes;
Which thou ſhak'ſt off when mourning time is paſt,
That royall roabes thou may'ſt put on at laſt.

Ioachims

Ioachims wife; that faire and conſtant Dame,
Who rather choſe a cruel death to die,
Than yeeld to thoſe two Elders voide of ſhame,
When both at once her chaſtitie did trie,
Whoſe Innocencie bare away the blame,
Vntill th' Almighty Lord had heard her crie;
And rais'd the ſpirit of a Child to ſpeake,
Making the powrefull judged of the weake.

Although her virtue doe deſerue to be
Writ by that hand that neuer purchas'd blame;
In holy Writ, where all the world may ſee
Her perfit life, and euer honoured name:
Yet was ſhe not to be compar'd to thee,
Whoſe many virtues doe increaſe thy fame:
For ſhee oppoſ'd againſt old doting Luſt,
Who with lifes danger ſhe did feare to truſt.

But your chaſte breaſt, guarded with ſtrength of mind,
Hates the imbracements of vnchaſte deſires;
You louing God, liue in your ſelfe confind
From vnpure Loue, your pureſt thoughts retires.
Your perfit ſight could neuer be ſo blind,
To entertaine the old or yong deſires
Of idle Louers; which the world preſents,
Whoſe baſe abuſes worthy minds preuents.

Euen as the conſtant Lawrell, alwayes greene,
No parching heate of Summer can deface,
Nor pinching Winter euer yet was ſeene,
Whoſe nipping froſts could wither, or diſgrace:
So you (deere Ladie) ſtill remaine as Queene,
Subduing all affections that are baſe,
Vnalterable by the change of times,
Not following, but lamenting others crimes.

No feare of Death, or dread of open ſhame,
Hinders your perfect heart to giue conſent;
Nor loathſome age, whom Time could neuer tame
From ill deſignes, whereto their youth was bent;
But loue of God, care to preſerue your fame,
And ſpend that pretious time that God hath ſent,
In all good exerciſes of the minde,
Whereto your noble nature is inclin'd.

That Ethyopian Queene did gaine great fame,
Who from the Southerne world, did come to ſee
Great *Salomon*; the glory of whoſe name
Had ſpread it ſelfe ore all the earth, to be
So great, that all the Princes thither came,
To be ſpectators of his royaltie:
And this faire Queene of Sheba came from farre,
To reuerence this new appearing ſtarre.

From th'vtmoſt part of all the Earth ſhee came,
To heare the Wiſdom of this worthy King;
To trie if Wonder did agree with Fame,
And many faire rich preſents did ſhe bring:
Yea many ſtrange hard queſtions did ſhee frame,
All which were anſwer'd by this famous King:
Nothing was hid that in her heart did reſt,
And all to prooue this King ſo highly bleſt.

Here Maieſtie with Maieſtie did meete,
Wiſdome to Wiſdome yeelded true content,
One Beauty did another Beauty greet,
Bounty to Bountie neuer could repent;
Here all diſtaſte is troden vnder feet,
No loſſe of time, where time was ſo well ſpent
In virtuous exerciſes of the minde,
In which this Queene did much contentment finde.

Spirits

Spirits affect where they doe ſympathize,
Wiſdom deſires Wiſdome to embrace,
Virtue couets her like, and doth deuize
How ſhe her friends may entertaine with grace;
Beauty ſometime is pleas'd to feed her eyes,
With viewing Beautie in anothers face:
Both good and bad in this point doe agree,
That each deſireth with his like to be.

And this Deſire did worke a ſtrange effect,
To drawe a Queene forth of her natiue Land,
Not yeelding to the niceneſſe and reſpect
Of woman-kind; ſhee paſt both ſea and land,
All feare of dangers ſhee did quite neglect,
Onely to ſee, to heare, and vnderſtand
That beauty, wiſedome, maieſtie, and glorie,
That in her heart impreſt his perfect ſtorie.

Yet this faire map of maieſtie and might,
Was but a figure of thy deereſt Loue,
Borne t'expreſſe that true and heauenly light,
That doth all other joyes imperfect proue;
If this faire Earthly ſtarre did ſhine ſo bright,
What doth that glorious Sonne that is aboue?
Who weares th'imperiall crowne of heauen and earth,
And made all Chriſtians bleſſed in his berth.

If that ſmall ſparke could yeeld ſo great a fire,
As to inflame the hearts of many Kings
To come to ſee, to heare, and to admire
His wiſdome, tending but to worldly things;
Then much more reaſon haue we to deſire
That heau'nly wiſedome, which ſaluation brings;
The Sonne of righteouſneſſe, that giues true joyes,
When all they ſought for, were but Earthly toyes.

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

No trauels ought th'affected ſoule to ſhunne,
That this faire heauenly Light deſires to ſee:
This King of kings to whom we all ſhould runne,
To view his Glory and his Majeſtie;
He without whom we all had beene vndone,
He that from Sinne and Death hath ſet vs free,
And ouercome Satan, the world, and ſinne,
That by his merits we thoſe joyes might winne.

Prepar'd by him, whoſe euerlaſting throne
Is plac'd in heauen, aboue the ſtarrie skies,
Where he that ſate, was like the Iaſper ſtone,
Who rightly knowes him ſhall be truely wiſe,
A Raincbow round about his glorious throne;
Nay more, thoſe winged beaſts ſo full of eies,
That neuer ceaſe to glorifie his Name,
Who was, and will be, and is now the ſame.

This is that great almightie Lord that made
Both heauen and earth, and liues for euermore;
By him the worlds foundation firſt was laid:
He fram'd the things that neuer were before:
The Sea within his bounds by him is ſtaid,
He judgeth all alike, both rich and poore:
All might, all majeſtie, all loue, all lawe
Remaines in him that keepes all worlds in awe.

From his eternall throne the lightning came,
Thundrings and Voyces did from thence proceede;
And all the creatures glorifi'd his name,
In heauen, in earth, and ſeas, they all agreed,
When loe that ſpotleſſe Lambe ſo voyd of blame,
That for vs di'd, whoſe ſinnes did make him bleed:
That true Phyſition that ſo many heales,
Opened the Booke, and did vndoe the Seales.

He

He onely worthy to vndoe the Booke
Of our charg'd ſoules, full of iniquitie,
Where with the eyes of mercy he doth looke
Vpon our weakeneſſe and infirmitie;
This is that corner ſtone that was forſooke,
Who leaues it, truſts but to vncertaintie:
This is Gods Sonne, in whom he is well pleaſed,
His deere beloued, that his wrath appeaſed.

He that had powre to open all the Seales,
And ſummon vp our ſinnes of blood and wrong,
He vnto whom the righteous ſoules appeales,
That haue bin martyrd, and doe thinke it long,
To whom in mercie he his will reueales,
That they ſhould reſt a little in their wrong,
Vntill their fellow ſeruants ſhould be killed,
Euen as they were, and that they were fulfilled.

To the Lady dowager of Cumberland.

¶ Pure thoughted Lady, bleſſed be thy choyce
Of this Almightie, euerlaſting King;
In thee his Saints and Angels doe reioyce,
And to their Heau'nly Lord doe daily ſing
Thy perfect praiſes in their lowdeſt voyce;
And all their harpes and golden vials bring
Full of ſweet odours, euen thy holy prayers
Vnto that ſpotleſſe Lambe, that all repaires.

Of whom that Heathen Queene obtain'd ſuch grace,
By honouring but the ſhadow of his Loue,
That great Iudiciall day to haue a place,
Condemning thoſe that doe vnfaithfull proue;
Among the hapleſſe, happie is her caſe,
That her deere Sauiour ſpake for her behoue;
And that her memorable Act ſhould be
Writ by the hand of true Eternitie.

Yet this rare Phœnix of that worne-out age,
This great maiesticke Queene comes short of thee,
Who to an earthly Prince did then ingage
Her hearts desires, her loue, her libertie,
Acting her glorious part vpon a Stage
Of weakneſſe, frailtie, and infirmity:
Giuing all honour to a Creature, due
To her Creator, whom ſhee neuer knew.

But loe, a greater thou haſt ſought and found
Than *Salomon* in all his royaltie;
And vnto him thy faith moſt firmely bound
To ſerue and honour him continually;
That glorious God, whoſe terror doth confound
All ſinfull workers of iniquitie:
Him haſt thou truely ſerued all thy life,
And for his loue, liu'd with the world at ſtrife.

To this great Lord, thou onely art affected,
Yet came he not in pompe or royaltie,
But in an humble habit, baſe, deiected;
A King, a God, clad in mortalitie,
He hath thy loue, thou art by him directed,
His perfect path was faire humilitie:
Who being Monarke of heau'n, earth, and ſeas,
Indur'd all wrongs, yet no man did diſpleaſe.

Then how much more art thou to be commended,
That ſeek'ſt thy loue in lowly ſhepheards weed?
A ſeeming Trades-mans ſonne, of none attended,
Saue of a few in pouertie and need;
Poore Fiſhermen that on his loue attended,
His loue that makes ſo many thouſands bleed:
Thus did he come, to trie our faiths the more,
Poſſeſſing worlds, yet ſeeming extreame poore.

The

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

The Pilgrimes trauels, and the Shepheards cares,
He tooke vpon him to enlarge our ſoules,
What pride hath loſt, humilitie repaires,
For by his glorious death he vs inroules
In deepe Characters, writ with blood and teares,
Vpon thoſe bleſſed Euerlaſting ſcroules;
His hands, his feete, his body, and his face,
Whence freely flow'd the riuers of his grace.

Sweet holy riuers, pure celeſtiall ſprings,
Proceeding from the fountaine of our life;
Swift ſugred currents that ſaluation brings,
Cleare chriſtall ſtreames, purging all ſinne and ſtrife,
Faire floods, where ſouls do bathe their ſnow-white wings,
Before they flie to true etern all life:
Sweet Nectar and Ambroſia, food of Saints,
Which, whoſo taſteth, neuer after faints.

This hony dropping dew of holy loue,
Sweet milke, wherewith we weaklings are reſtored,
Who drinkes thereof, a world can neuer moue,
All earthly pleaſures are of them abhorred;
This loue made Martyrs many deaths to proue,
To taſte his ſweetneſſe, whom they ſo adored:
Sweetneſſe that makes our fleſh a burthen to vs,
Knowing it ſerues but onely to vndoe vs.

His ſweetneſſe ſweet'ned all the ſowre of death,
To faithfull *Stephen* his appointed Saint;
Who by the riuer ſtones did looſe his breath,
When paines nor terrors could not make him faint:
So was this bleſſed Martyr turn'd to earth,
To glorifie his ſoule by deaths attaint:
This holy Saint was humbled and caſt downe,
To winne in heauen an euerlaſting crowne.

Whoſe

Salue Deus Rex Iudæorum.

Whoſe face repleat with Maieſtie and Sweetneſſe,
Did as an Angel vnto them appeare,
That ſate in Counſell hearing his diſcreetneſſe,
Seeing no change, or any ſigne of a feare;
But with a conſtant browe did there confeſſe
Chriſts high deſerts, which were to him ſo deare:
Yea when theſe Tyrants ſtormes did moſt oppreſſe,
Chriſt did appeare to make his griefe the leſſe.

For beeing filled with the holy Ghoſt,
Vp vnto Heau'n he look'd with ſtedfaſt eies,
Where God appeared with his heauenly hoſte
In glory to this Saint before he dies;
Although he could no Earthly pleaſures boaſt,
At Gods right hand ſweet IESVS he eſpies;
Bids them behold Heauens open, he doth ſee
The Sonne of Man at Gods right hand to be.

Whoſe ſweetneſſe ſweet'ned that ſhort ſowre of Life,
Making all bitterneſſe delight his taſte,
Yeelding ſweet quietneſſe in bitter ſtrife,
And moſt contentment when he di'd diſgrac'd;
Heaping vp joyes where ſorrows were moſt rife;
Such ſweetneſſe could not chooſe but be imbrac'd:
The food of Soules, the Spirits onely treaſure,
The Paradiſe of our celeſtiall pleaſure.

This Lambe of God, who di'd, and was aliue,
Preſenting vs the bread of life Eternall,
His bruiſed body powrefull to reuiue
Our ſinking ſoules, out of the pit infernall;
For by this bleſſed food he did contriue
A worke of grace, by this his gift externall,
With heau'nly Manna, food of his elected,
To feed their ſoules, of whom he is reſpected.

This

This wheate of Heauen the bleſſed Angells bread,
Wherewith he feedes his deere adopted Heires;
Sweet foode of life that doth reuiue the dead,
And from the liuing takes away all cares;
To taſte this ſweet Saint *Laurence* did not dread,
The broyling gridyorne cool'd with holy teares:
Yeelding his naked body to the fire,
To taſte this ſweetneſſe, ſuch was his deſire.

Nay, what great ſweetneſſe did th' Apoſtles taſte,
Condemn'd by Counſell, when they did returne;
Rejoycing that for him they di'd diſgrac'd,
Whoſe ſweetnes made their hearts and ſoules ſo burne
With holy zeale and loue moſt pure and chaſte;
For him they ſought from whome they might not turne:
Whoſe loue made *Andrew* goe moſt joyfully,
Vnto the Croſſe, on which he meant to die.

The Princes of th' Apoſtles were ſo filled
With the delicious ſweetnes of his grace,
That willingly they yeelded to be killed,
Receiuing deaths that were moſt vile and baſe,
For his name ſake, that all might be fulfilled.
They with great joy all torments did imbrace:
The vgli ſt face that Death could euer yeeld,
Could neuer feare theſe Champions from the field.

They ſtill continued in their glorious fight,
Againſt the enemies of fleſh and blood;
And in Gods law did ſet their whole delight,
Suppreſſing euill, and erecting good:
Not ſparing Kings in what they did not right;
Their noble Actes they ſeal'd with deereſt blood:
One choſe the Gallowes, that vnſeemely death,
The other by the Sword did looſe his breath.

His Head did pay the deareſt rate of ſin,
Yeelding it joyfully vnto the Sword,
To be cut off as he had neuer bin,
For ſpeaking truth according to Gods word,
Telling king *Herod* of inceſtuous ſin,
That hatefull crime of God and man abhorr'd:
His brothers wife, that prowd licentious Dame,
Cut off his Head to take away his ſhame.

Loe Madame, heere you take a view of thoſe,
Whoſe worthy ſteps you doe deſire to tread,
Deckt in thoſe colours which our Sauiour choſe;
Colours of Confeſſors & Martirs. The pureſt colours both of White and Red,
Their freſheſt beauties would I faine diſcloſe,
By which our Sauiour moſt was honoured:
But my weake Muſe deſireth now to reſt,
Folding vp all their Beauties in your breaſt.

Whoſe excellence hath rais'd my ſpirites to write,
Of what my thoughts could hardly apprehend;
Your rareſt Virtues did my ſoule delight,
Great Ladie of my heart: I muſt commend
You that appeare ſo faire in all mens ſight:
On your Deſerts my Muſes doe attend;
You are the Articke Starre that guides my hand,
All what I am, I reſt at your command.

FINIS.

The Deſcription of Cooke-ham.

FArewell (ſweet *Cooke-ham*) where I firſt obtain'd
Grace from that Grace where perfit Grace remain'd;
And where the Muſes gaue their full conſent,
I ſhould haue powre the virtuous to content:
Where princely Palace will'd me to indite,
The ſacred Storie of the Soules delight.
Farewell (ſweet Place) where Virtue then did reſt,
And all delights did harbour in her breaſt:
Neuer ſhall my ſad eies againe behold
Thoſe pleaſures which my thoughts did then vnfold:
Yet you (great Lady) Miſtris of that Place,
From whoſe deſires did ſpring this worke of Grace;
Vouchſafe to thinke vpon thoſe pleaſures paſt,
As fleeting worldly Ioyes that could not laſt:
Or, as dimme ſhadowes of celeſtiall pleaſures,
Which are deſir'd aboue all earthly treaſures.
Oh how (me thought) againſt you thither came,
Each part did ſeeme ſome new delight to frame!
The Houſe receiu'd all ornaments to grace it,
And would indure no foulneſſe to deface it.
The Walkes put on their ſummer Liueries,
And all things elſe did hold like ſimilies:
The Trees with leaues, with fruits, with flowers clad,
Embrac'd each other, ſeeming to be glad,
Turning themſelues to beauteous Canopies,
To ſhade the bright Sunne from your brighter eies:
The criſtall Streames with ſiluer ſpangles graced,

While by the glorious Sunne they were embraced:
The little Birds in chirping notes did ſing,
To entertaine both You and that ſweet Spring.
And *Philomela* with her ſundry leyes,
Both You and that delightfull Place did praiſe.
Oh how me thought each plant, each floure, each tree
Set forth their beauties then to welcome thee:
The very Hills right humbly did deſcend,
When you to tread vpon them did intend.
And as you ſet your feete, they ſtill did riſe,
Glad that they could receiue ſo rich a priſe.
The gentle Windes did take delight to bee
Among thoſe woods that were ſo grac'd by thee.
And in ſad murmure vtterd pleaſing ſound,
That Pleaſure in that place might more abound:
The ſwelling Bankes deliuer'd all their pride,
When ſuch a *Phœnix* once they had eſpide.
Each Arbor, Banke, each Seate, each ſtately Tree,
Thought themſelues honor'd in ſupporting thee.
The pretty Birds would oft come to attend thee,
Yet flie away for feare they ſhould offend thee:
The little creatures in the Burrough by
Would come abroad to ſport them in your eye;
Yet fearefull of the Bowe in your faire Hand,
Would runne away when you did make a ſtand.
Now let me come vnto that ſtately Tree,
Wherein ſuch goodly Proſpects you did ſee;
That Oake that did in height his fellowes paſſe,
As much as lofty trees, low growing graſſe:
Much like a comely Cedar ſtreight and tall,
Whoſe beauteous ſtature farre exceeded all:
How often did you viſite this faire tree,
Which ſeeming joyfull in receiuing thee,
Would like a Palme tree ſpread his armes abroad,

Deſirous

Deſirous that you there ſhould make abode:
Whoſe faire greene leaues much like a comely vaile,
Defended *Phebus* when he would aſſaile:
Whoſe pleaſing boughes did yeeld a coole freſh ayre,
Ioying his happineſſe when you were there.
Where beeing ſeated, you might plainely ſee,
Hills, vales, and woods, as if on bended knee
They had appeard, your honour to ſalute,
Or to preferre ſome ſtrange vnlook'd for ſute:
All interlac'd with brookes and chriſtall ſprings,
A Proſpect fit to pleaſe the eyes of Kings:
And thirteene ſhires appear'd all in your ſight,
Europe could not affoard much more delight.
What was there then but gaue you all content,
While you the time in meditation ſpent,
Of their Creators powre, which there you ſaw,
In all his Creatures held a perfit Law;
And in their beauties did you plaine deſcrie,
His beauty, wiſdome, grace, loue, maieſtie.
In theſe ſweet woods how often did you walke,
With Chriſt and his Apoſtles there to talke;
Placing his holy Writ in ſome faire tree,
To meditate what you therein did ſee:
With *Moyſes* you did mount his holy Hill,
To know his pleaſure, and performe his Will.
With louely *Dauid* you did often ſing,
His holy Hymnes to Heauens Eternall King.
And in ſweet muſicke did your ſoule delight,
To ſound his prayſes, morning, noone, and night.
With bleſſed *Ioſeph* you did often feed
Your pined brethren, when they ſtood in need.
And that ſweet Lady ſprung from *Clifford* race,
Of noble *Bedfords* blood, faire ſteame of Grace;
To honourable *Dorſet* now eſpowſ'd,

In whoſe faire breaſt true virtue then was houſ'd:
Oh what delight did my weake ſpirits find
In thoſe pure parts of her well framed mind:
And yet it grieues me that I cannot be
Neere vnto her, whoſe virtues did agree
With thoſe faire ornaments of outward beauty,
Which did enforce from all both loue and dutie.
Vnconſtant Fortune, thou art moſt too blame,
Who caſts vs downe into ſo lowe a frame:
Where our great friends we cannot dayly ſee,
So great a diſtance is there in degree.
Many are placed in thoſe Orbes of ſtate,
Parters in honour, ſo ordain'd by Fate;
Neerer in ſhow, yet farther off in loue,
In which, the loweſt alwayes are aboue.
But whither am I carried in conceit?
My Wit too weake to conſter of the great.
Why not? although we are but borne of earth,
We may behold the Heauens, deſpiſing death;
And louing heauen that is ſo farre aboue,
May in the end vouchſafe vs entire loue.
Therefore ſweet Memorie doe thou retaine
Thoſe pleaſures paſt, which will not turne againe:
Remember beauteous *Dorſets* former ſports,
So farre from becing toucht by ill reports;
Wherein my ſelfe did alwaies beare a part,
While reuerend Loue preſented my true heart:
Thoſe recreations let me beare in mind,
Which her ſweet youth and noble thoughts did finde:
Whereof depriu'd, I euermore muſt grieue,
Hating blind Fortune, careleſſe to relieue.
And you ſweet Cooke-ham, whom theſe Ladies leaue,
I now muſt tell the griefe you did conceaue
At their departure; when they went away,

How

How euery thing retaind a ſad diſmay:
Nay long before, when once an inkeling came,
Me thought each thing did vnto ſorrow frame:
The trees that were ſo glorious in our view,
Forſooke both flowres and fruit, when once they knew
Of your depart, their very leaues did wither,
Changing their colours as they grewe together.
But when they ſaw this had no powre to ſtay you,
They often wept, though ſpeechleſſe, could not pray you;
Letting their teares in your faire boſoms fall,
As if they ſaid, Why will ye leaue vs all?
This being vaine, they caſt their leaues away,
Hoping that pitie would haue made you ſtay:
Their frozen tops, like Ages hoarie haires,
Showes their diſaſters, languiſhing in feares:
A ſwarthy tinctd ryne all ouer ſpread,
Their dying bodies halfe aliue, halfe dead.
But your occaſions call'd you ſo away,
That nothing there had power to make you ſtay:
Yet did I ſee a noble gratefull minde,
Requiting each according to their kind,
Forgetting not to turne and take your leaue
Of theſe ſad creatures, powreleſſe to receiue
Your fauour, when with griefe you did depart,
Placing their former pleaſures in your heart;
Giuing great charge to noble Memory,
There to preſerue their loue continually:
But ſpecially the loue of that faire tree,
That firſt and laſt you did vouchſafe to ſee:
In which it pleas'd you oft to take the ayre,
With noble *Dorſet*, then a virgin faire:
Where many a learned Booke was read and skand
To this faire tree, taking me by the hand,
You did repeat the pleaſures which had paſt,

Seeming

Seeming to grieue they could no longer laſt.
And with a chaſte, yet louing kiſſe tooke leaue,
Of which ſweet kiſſe I did it ſoone bereaue:
Scorning a ſenceleſſe creature ſhould poſſeſſe
So rare a fauour, ſo great happineſſe.
No other kiſſe it could receiue from me,
For feare to giue backe what it tooke of thee:
So I ingratefull Creature did deceiue it,
Of that which you vouchſaſt in loue to leaue it.
And though it oft had giu'n me much content,
Yet this great wrong I neuer could repent:
But of the happieſt made it moſt forlorne,
To ſhew that nothing's free from Fortunes ſcorne,
While all the reſt with this moſt beauteous tree,
Made their ſad conſort Sorrowes harmony.
The Floures that on the banks and walkes did grow,
Crept in the ground, the Graſſe did weepe for woe.
The Windes and Waters ſeem'd to chide together,
Becauſe you went away they knew not whither:
And thoſe ſweet Brookes that ranne ſo faire and cleare,
With griefe and trouble wrinckled did appeare.
Thoſe pretty Birds that wonted were to ſing,
Now neither ſing, nor chirp, nor vſe their wing;
But with their tender feet on ſome bare ſpray,
Warble forth ſorrow, and their owne diſmay.
Faire *Philomela* leaues her mourneſull Ditty,
Drownd in dead ſleepe, yet can procure no pittie:
Each arbour, banke, each ſeate, each ſtately tree,
Lookes bare and deſolate now for want of thee;
Turning greene treſſes into froſtie gray,
While in cold griefe they wither all away.
The Sunne grew weake, his beames no comfort gaue,
While all greene things did make the earth their graue:
Each brier, each bramble, when you went away,

Caught

Caught faſt your clothes, thinking to make you ſtay:
Delightfull Eccho wonted to reply
To our laſt words, did now for ſorrow die:
The houſe caſt off each garment that might grace it,
Putting on Duſt and Cobwebs to deface it.
All deſolation then there did appeare,
When you were going whom they held ſo deare.
This laſt farewell to *Cooke-ham* here I giue,
When I am dead thy name in this may liue,
Wherein I haue perform'd her noble heſt,
Whoſe virtues lodge in my vnworthy breaſt,
And euer ſhall, ſo long as life remaines,
Tying my heart to her by thoſe rich chaines.

FINIS.

¶ To the doubtfull Reader.

GEntle Reader, if thou desire to be resolued, why I giue this Title, Saluc Deus Rex Iudæorum, *know for certaine, that it was deliuered vnto me in sleepe many yeares before I had any intent to write in this maner, and was quite out of my memory, vntill I had written the Passion of Christ, when immediately it came into my remembrance, what I had dreamed long before; and thinking it a significant token, that I was appointed to performe this Worke, I gaue the very same words I receiued in sleepe as the fittest Title I could deuise for this Booke.*

